[7800?]
(1-3-27)

A PRINCE TOO MANY.

A comedy

by

Fradel Stock

Dramatis Personae:

Tom Musgrave, speculator in real estate
Mary Ann, his wife
Bebe, their fourteen year old daughter
Bill Marvin, gardener in Musgrave's employ
Adeline and Peter his grandchildren
Prince Oscar
Andrew, his valet
Danny Pratt, real estate agent
Mrs Brennan
Marjory her daughter, an old maid
Percy Holt
Mikey, a Pueblo Indian, servant to Musgrave
The mayor
Napoleon, an Italian organgrinder. Musicians, people.

Place: California
Time : Present

Fradel Stock Zinn
Hotel Grenoble
7th Ave. & 56th St.
New-York city

Act I.

A portion of the Pacific Coast forms the far background. The edge of a eucalyptus grove with a row of date palms opposite, plank the main road on the left side up to its middle where it forms a crossway with a broad path. The latter winds diagonally across a lawn neatly laid out with beds of red Wild Crane's- bill in geometrical figures which terminates at the entrance of a mission in Romanesque style. The remaining half of the main road to the right, leads to the town. It is interspersed with brush and cacti of various kinds and shapes.

The scene is decorated as if for some reception. Japanese lanterns are strung on wires, intertwining the branches of the trees. On posts draped in national colors are festoons hanging with ribbons fluttering. One huge horseshoe of live flowers overhead contains a " Welcome To His Royal Highness". A few Windsor chairs stand in a row. It is a calm afternoon of an early autumn day. From afar is heard a popular tune from a hand organ coming nearer all the while.

As the curtain rises, a few admiring passers-by are seen to gaze at the decorations, interchanging remarks and pointing at the embellishments. Mikey is among them. He is a young lean Indian in native dress.

Napoleon emerges from the left side of the main road playing the hurdy-gurdy which is slung across his back with a leather strap. He is middle-aged, plump with a healthy tanned face and a pair of quick roguish eyes. As he approaches the centre of the scene he puts down the organ. He then opens it's top shelf producing therefrom a pair of wooden contrivances, and taking in each hand one he begins to demonstrate a certain trick. It consists of sticking a peg into one of a series of perpendicularly drilled and numbered perforations so, that by turning the ladder-like parts dexterously, it is made to appear in a different number. While demonstrating he calls out:" Ten cents! Only ten cents!" The people draw nearer. Mikey coming over marvels at it . The organ-grinder having noticed his interest doubles his ardour and force of voice in view of a prospective customer.

Napoleon: Ten cents! Only ten cents!
Mikey: How you do it?
Napoleon: You giva ten cents first, and after me show you trick.(Mikey turns away his head hesitatingly.)
Napoleon:performing the trick yet with more zeal) Ten cents! Only ten cents!
Mikey: Trickum first...
Napoleon: Ten cents first...me onest mana..me no roba..me no steala...
Mikey: (Hands him ten cents waveringly) Show'um trick...
Napoleon:(Hastily pocketing the dime) Looka here... you take this... you maka this... you maka that..hurray! Now you try. (Mikey attempts to imitate the motion but without results. Several times he puts the peg in a certain number turning it quickly, but it appears in the same place over and over again. Napoleon meanwhile having accomplished his purpose shoulders his organ and is about to move on.)
Mikey: Show'um trick show'um trick...(runs after him; the people laugh.)
Napoleon:(Takes the thing from him and shows him hurriedly once more)

Lika this...see? (pointing to the decorations to distract his attention) say, whatsa mara here?
Mikey: Big chief him come here...him princum...biggest chief in America.
Napoleon: Gee whiz! (whistles; tries again to steal away, but perceiving that Mikey is about to follow he again puts down the organ.) Looka here.. me honest man...me worka...me actor...see this?(Imitates a clown puffing up his cheeks and throwing a summersault. He raises one of the chairs)you sita down here...me taka you anda chair righta here...(points to his teeth Mikey shakes his head in distrust) You no wana? No blama me...(puts down the chair and goes toward the right) Me no rob.. me no steala...me honest mana...(disappears. The people disperxe laughing)
Mikey: Hey you Nap...show'um trick...show'um trick... Hey Nap...! (following him he encounters Danny Pratt. He' is near forty, bandy-legged pock-marked; with an eager face to a superior which changes to a smart one with the ladies. He stops Mikey.)
Danny: Did you see Mr. Musgrave? The boss, the boss I mean...what the hell are you staring me, don t you know me yet?
Mikey: Mike him know you allright...him wana first..,
Danny: Never mind. You tell the boss I'm here. Don't go a loiterin' there, will you, or I ll tell the boss that you—
Mikey: Allright allright, allright.(runs off quickly)
Danny: And mind you , be quick about it!(He takes out a roll of red white and blue ribbon crepe from his pocket and begins to decorate the chairs.
Old Bill comes from behind the mission carrying a basket of red and white roses. He s about sixty five, gaunt, with a face like a shriveled leaf, but he is erect and active with an occassional proud jerk of his white-haired head)
Danny: Heloo Daddy—nice flowers these. Bet this too is for him.
Old Bill: It sure is.
Danny: Going to be some reception, eh? Three o'clock ain it?
Old Bill: Guess so.
Danny: But don t he deserve it, a prince!
Old Bill: Yes, but this country—Don,t take much stock in royalty here, do we?
Danny: Oh, you make me sick! You are an old I.W.W. same as Pete...
Old Bill: You leave my Pete be...
Danny: You mean to tell me that if the prince choses this place as a thorofare to Japan stead of Eagle Canyon City, that this town won t profit by it? And who do you think is responsible for his takin' this route stead of Eagle Canyon? Who nosed it out first? All this 'bout Percy Holt having his automobiles and h i s guides? But I won't say anything about this now—don't like to boast. Prince is going to visit the mission you know and—(lowers his voice) that s the reason they're going to repair the dress of the saint, see—
Old Bill: Repair the dress? What's he Beau Brummel?
Danny: Sh-h! It s a secret—they re afraid of the town. Some believe that if they take the dress off the saint something dreadful will happen.. Say Daddy, is it true that he's one of the saints Cortez put in the temple of Montezuma?
Old Bill: Stuff!
Danny: But Mr. Musgrave told me he comes from Mexico(Old Bill shrugs his shoulders)

(Shouts are heard of " This way! Here! " Immediately after appear from the right side two workmen carrying a triumphal arch worked in flowers. Two others bring poles flags and bunting. Tom Musgrave follows closely. He is a round man with a round sleek goodnatured face, and a pair of small deeply burried eyes. He is highly flushed; his vest is unbuttoned and his coat flying; he carries a board, the blank side outwards.)
Musgrave:(Vociferating) Yes yes! It's by order of the mayor__ I dare you disobey! Yes, I ordered him to order it! (Pointing to the junction of the main road and the path) Place the arch right here! (The workmen obey) And mind you no one is to enter this way__everybody please go around it__under the penalty of the law! Here, you ll place this sign right next to it.(Turns the board to the other side with the big printed letters:" Not to be used as a thorough fare under heavy punishment.") Here, do you see? Read this__ N o t t o b e u s e d a s t h o r o u g h f a r e u n d e r h e a v y p u n i s h m e n t !(Stakes the sign right next to the arch. The workmen having completed the work, withdraw.)
Musgrave(turning the sign to a more conspicuous position) So__
Danny: How do you do Mr. Musgrave!
Musgrave: Howdy__
Danny: Some arch!
Musgrave: My gift.
Danny: Some gift!
Musgrave: My idea.
Danny: Some idea!
Musgrave: My principle is__a prince is a prince.
Danny: I agree.
Musgrave: Say Daddy, how is it up there? (pointing at the mission) everything o.k.?
Old Bill: Everything's ready. Only waiting for the tailor's__
Musgrave: Hush__ we're going to do it tonight__
Old Bill: Here's the basket with flowers you ordered.
Musgrave: But that won't do! You ll have to bring some more of it. You see it's like this__ the roses will be spread under his feet, see? When he goes through. All this here stretch up to the triumphal arch __get the idea?
Danny: Some idea!
Old Bill: That's an awfully big waste__after all the work it takes __but of course you know best__
Musgrave: Oh there's plenty more in the garden. We can afford it.
Old Bill: There won't be a rose left__
Musgrave: You do as I say! Go and bring three more baskets. Really you act as if though they were your flowers!
Old Bill: In a way they a r e mine__
Musgrave: Oh you mean because you're takin' care of 'em? Well, may be they are and may be not. But I too have a share in them, eh?
Old Bill: I suppose you know best__(Goes reluctantly behind the mission
Musgrave: Queer fellow this__
Danny: He i s a queer fellow. They say he goes about nights in your garden because he wants to hear the grass grow...
Musgrave: Nonsense.
Danny: They also say that any time he touches a withered plant with his fingers he makes it grow... Also that he plays the organ at midnight...
Musgrave: The little organ in the chapel? Bosh! And you mean to

tell me that you believe all this?
Danny: I believe? What do you take me for Mr. Musgrave anyway? I simply repeat what the people told me__
Musgrave: I too heard them mention the organ, fools.
Danny: I told them it mustabeen the wind blowin' down the organ pipes __ you know an organ is just like a chimney__
Musgrave: Say, don't mention it to the family or they'll get scared __ Those silly tales__and all because that shaveling of a priest won't come more'n once a week to hold mass. He thinks it unimportant because its only a chapel inside the mission. You wait'n see whether this town isn't going to have one of the finest churches yet__ Not in vain did Tom Musgrave invest his money in almost half of city lots...
Danny: That's exactly what I say.
Old Bill (coming from behind the mission with another basketful of flowers) Here's another one__
Musgrave: Ha ha ha! So you had it in readiness__you only wanted to bargain eh? Much good will it do you...you'll h a v e to deliver the other two baskets. Well well well, you a r e a queer fellow. Say Daddy,what's this about the organ the people are talkin' about? There are strange rumors running about this place__' bout some mysterious plaing at night an' all that, it isn't you doing it?
Old Bill: I wish it was I...Its the most wonderful playing I ever heard...
Musgrave: So there is some truth in it, eh?
Danny: Well Mr. Musgrave, what did I say?
Old Bill: About two nights ago I was passing here on my way home from San Joshua and as I heard the playing I remembered what the people were saying and I decided to find it out for myself. So I stole into the mission and I saw a face__ lit up like a saint's...Of course I be came kind o'...
Musgrave: Frightened__
Old Bill: I wouldn't say that__ After I had lingered there a while I relaized it was some stranger, and as I did not want to interrupt his play, it was so fine...I tried to hide myself in one of the recesses, but I bumped against something in the dark, and as soon as he heard the noise, he disappeared. I did not see him since.
Musgrave: Remarkable. Well well, we're goin' to look into this soon enough. As soon as the prince is gone, meanwhile__would you mind bringing me some more flowers? And remember, its to be two more baskets Isn't it a shame, I have to haggle with my own gardener over my own flowers. Mary Ann is right__I ought to put my foot down as others having less than I, do__
Danny: As for instance the president of Donald Realty Compny. He won't stand for it__ With him__
Old Bill: All right Boss, I suppose you know best__
Musgrave: Say Daddy, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you would call me " Sir" ' stead of boss, now that the prince is visiting__
Old Bill: All right Boss__(Goes into the mission.)
Mmusgrave: Mary Ann wants him to always call me "sir" but if the man don't feel like it, I 'm not going to quarrel over it__
Danny: Why not, why not Sir?
Musgrave: If this place were only a little nearer my house, we wouldn't have to hustle there and back so many times a day. Now that all the cars have been put in the prince's service__ still we must make the best of it.(Contemplating the decorations of the chairs) That certainly wa a clever idea! where did you get that?
Danny: Isn't it fine?

Mary Ann, Bebe, Mrs. Brennan and Marjory come from the right through the narrow passage way that has been left near the arch. Mary Ann is a short woman with short limbs, plump, peevish, easily reconciled; over forty. Bebe is a little minx of fourteen, fairhaired, precosious, conscious of her ripening charms. Mrs. Brennan is tall , bony, with a bilious face. The construction of its features is not unlike a merganser's. Menages to give it an amiable expression through constant self-control. An occassional glower however betrays her true state of mind. Marjory her daughter is a dark type, tall, the shape of her head resembling a horse's with large elongated teeth over which the lips never close, seeming to short. She is somewhat stouter than her mother, but not enough to deny her spinsterhood. Bebe clasps Musgrave who kisses her violently.)

Musgrave:(Addressing all) See that? He has to have a separate entrance—

Danny: How do you do, Mrs. Musgrave, how do you do Ladies! (Engages in silent talk with Bebe paying also some perfunctory attention to Marjory who tries to interrupt them taking Bebe around the neck and hugging her with the obvious intention to keep her away from being too near Danny.)

Mary Ann: This is wonderful! I wish you'd have left at least one car— I'm so tired! Had to walk all this distance! And you know what the doctor said —

Musgrave: Yes toots, but don't you know its for the prince— you don't want to put this town to shame, do you?

Mrs. Brennan: That's just the way it was done in Canada thirty years ago. That was when the present king the father of the prince was visiting—oh yes—exactly thirty years ago—you Margie were only five—

Marjory (indignantly) But mother, thirty years ago I was not yet alive!

Mrs. Brennan: Oh yes, I forgot—you're only twenty five—

Bebe: Daddy, is he handsome?

Musgrave: Who?

Bebe: The prince.

Musgrave: That's none o' your business!

Marjory: Shame on you...

Mary Ann: It's all right Margie, I'm here to mind her—

Margie: Oh my goodness, one mustn't say a word any more—

Mary Ann: I wish to God you wouldn't have such a big mouth!(Turns away)

Mrs. Brennan:(to Margie) Hush... don't answer...we're dependent on them..it's their house we're living in...(Margie too turns away angrily)

Musgrave: Yes yes, what one needs to be successful in business is— (placing a finger on his forehead) this here grey stuff. As I walk down the aisle of the Daily Bell on my way to the advertising department, I meet Percy Holt running out excited. Percy Holt excited? Why, says I to myself should Percy Holt be excited? Business was rather dull with him , as with me...for I've been getting my tips bout Eagle Canyon regularly from that "source" of mine...I know everything that's going on in his house same as all the neighbors, why then should he be excited? And then says I to myself Percy Holt has something up his sleeve. And what turns out? I was right.

Danny:(with flattery) Ha ha ha!

Musgrave: 'Mr. Musgrave' says that "source" of mine, 'its you who deserve to be served with a morsel like that, and not your rival Percy Holt, because you know how to reciprocate a tip.' And he tells me he got a wire that the Prince of Wales is choosing the coast- instead of the inland route on his way to Japan, and says he this your chance.' Because there's your two routes, the one through Eagle Canyon City and your Santa veronica but you know says he to me, that if your's has the mission with the saint, Eagle Canyon has scenery, and the prince chooses scenery'

That's why Percy Holt knows about it first, see? Well' says he,' he got in with somebody higher up, but I can tell you one thing __it's not too late yet...it's up to your business capacity... you know this is a case of first come, first catch...
Danny: An what did I do? What did I do?
Musgrave: Shsh... an I thought the man was right., It's up to me to give this town a boost. Now or never. A prince don t come here every day, And say, all the fuss in the nespapers a thing like that gets__ Say!Prince of Wales visits oldest mission in Santa Veronica"! Can you imagine the punch? Why it puts the town on the map with one clap! So I did what I did, and I m proud of it...You wait n see if real estate goes up or not__
Mary Ann: He goes all the way by automobile, ainit?
Musgrave: No. Up to Santa Valencia he goes by train, but from there he takes the open road(Rearranges certain decorations keeping himself busy)
Mrs. Brennan: So how did you manage? I heard you sent about fifteen cars ainit?
Musgrave: You wait'n see... There are many missions, but ours'll get him...
Danny: And I? Didn't I__? (Musgrave waves him aside with a "shsh")
Musgrave: And there will be a dinner here today, the likes of which he never saw__ That pole stands in the way! (Goes to correct the pole. Danny engages in talk with both girls) Mary follow
Mary Ann: Now I know why she ordered that new gown from L. A.!
Mrs. Brennan: A gown for a hundred and fifty, mind you! Well, let her hang it up in the closet, guess it ll come in handy some day...
Mary Ann: I guess so__ (Both women engage in talk with Musgrave.) Peter comes unperceived from the right. He is a man of a little over thirty. His grizzly temples add a grave dignity to his intelligent face, in which suffering is stamped. Despite its harsh expression, heavy fold between the brows, and determined chin there is a softness about his lips which frustrates the sternness of his demeanor, and causes those in contact with him not to take him too seriously. He is dressed in khaki, and his missing right is even more accentuated by the sleeve of his soldier's coat dangling loosely. He remains listening, unobserved.)
Musgrave:(Coming across the two baskets of flowers.) Oh yes, I all forgot, Bebe baby, here, this is for you__
Bebe: Oh, shall I strew them now? Let me do it... Let me do it...
Mary Ann: You put that basket down, will you! Wait until he arrives__
Bebe: And when am I to hand him the bouquet?
Musgrave: Wait wait, until papa tells you—look here Danny__
Danny: Mr. Musgrave__
Musgrave: Well, what is it?
Danny: May I remind you of your promise? I mean about the__
Musgrave: That deal you mean? What do you want to risk your money in deals for? You have your little brokerage.
Danny: But Mr. Musgrave, a risk with you, is no risk, and besides__ Mr. Musgrave, didn't you yourself say that a man ought to push his way to__?
Musgrave: It's time yet__its time yet. We shall see__ look here Danny, you better run over to the mayor's and tell him to have the golden key in readiness.
Danny: (goes sighing) All right.
Mary Ann: Its the golden key to the city they are going to present the prince with__
Mrs. Brennan: I know. Isn't it lovely!

Musgrave: My idea.
Peter:(stepping forward) Yes, your idea__one can see that! You, the ulcer on America's neck__democracy indeed! Democracy the handmaid of autocracy__You make America the laughing stock of the world! You with your cringing before royalties__crowned rascals. You lickspittles!
Musgrave: Hey hey hey,where do you come in? Get thee behind you confounded I.W.W. This is no place for you! Look at him__look at him__
Mary Ann: For shame!
Marjory: That's terrible...those I.W.W. those bolsheviki...soon they will be nationalizing the women here too...
Peter: Don't be afraid, they won't nationalize y o u ...
Musgrave: If I were you, I'd lay low__you know what I mean, don't you? The people in this here place are wise to your game. But for this here khaki, you would have landed in prison long ago...
Peter: So its this here khaki__and__you may as well say it,myymissing hand. You think you owe me soemthing then__you are afraid of me__ you can not handle me like any mangy dog, eh? One must first lose a limb if one wants,to say a sensible thing without being punished for it?
Musgrave:, I'll tell you what__you mind your business! And mark my words you'll bring trouble on your old grandfather's head...you mark my words...
Peter: My grandfather can get himself work elsewhere, and you depend more on him, than he on you.
Musgrave: Just listen to this talk__if this isn't socialism, I'd like to know what it is. You think you're independent because you're getting a pension, don't you? But I'd like to see,the family, the whole bunch of you get along on that__ its my house you're living in, an' I'm going to have m y say in these matters.
Mary Ann: I told you you were nursing a serpent in your bossom!
Mrs. Brennan: This i s audacity!
Bebe: His sister behaves like a lady__she never greets m e first!
Musgrave: This town needs a boost,so that real estate may go up. Why __this prince is a godsend! You don't mean to tell me that this town should let slip an opportunity like that, so that Percy Holt may grab it!?
Peter: I see the joke. So its for the sake of real estate y o u r real estate that your that you're staging this farce! Sacred business! And I thought you were just going to honor one of the crowned rascals, who had a part, who contributed his share to that misery a half a world is in today. I beg your pardon. I really misunderstood your honorable motives...
Musgrave: I know you're making fun, but I should worry. Of course business comes first, but let me tell you that aside from business, my principle is, a prince is a prince__
Peter: So I was not all wrong after all?
Musgrave: You can make fun as much as you like, but don't think we're not wise to your game__you think I don't know whose article it was in that socialist monthly__making fun of the townspeople of this here place! I had it sent down to me, an'__I tell you look out sir...look out! As I said before its this your khaki__
Adeline:(Comes from behind the mission. She is a girl of not more than twenty five, bearing a strong likeness to Peter both in her face and city demeanor, save that there is more determination about her always tightly closed lips and almost hoidenish carriage. Her movements are abrupt, sudden,though not without a momentary flash of dignity. Her bobbed hair is of a very light brown. She is dressed in hiking breeches and high boots. A game-bag is slung across her shoulders from which are protruding two heads of shot ducks. She carries a basket with flowers which

she puts down at where Musgrave stands.)
Adeline(to no one in particular) Here gentlemen, grandpapa sent you another basket with roses. He will bring the third basket himself.
Peter: Hello sis__I see luck?(Points at the game bag.) and say, where is the fowling piece? I might have needed it a minute ago...you always come in the nick of time...
Adeline: Its right there leaning against the pepper, why, whats up?
Mrs. Brennan: You better look after him__ he needs watching...
Adeline: My brother can take of himself, and it,s not for you to give advise to tohers...Come Pete...(Draws him after her as both disappear to the right she's heard saying:) I told you time and again not to...
Mary Ann: The hussy...
Mrs. Brennan: Well, I never saw such impudent people__people who are dependent on others__no respect at all..and this I.W.W....
Mary Ann: A fine way you have of dealing with your employees! One can see you were once poor__
Bebe: You ought to see them eat__chicken every day! And...(whispers
Mary Ann: And all because it's h is fault. He ought to put his foot down(shows an example by actually putting her foot down) that's what he ought to do. I told you that fellow was a danger to the community!
Musgrave: Oh rot__ the fellow's only leakin' at the mouth. Nothing serious__kind of sore you know__ a cripple you know__ it's the war that made him what he is__he was a regular fellow once__so people say.
Mary Ann: If there's anything the matter with him let him go to some soldier's home. This isn't a hospital, is it?
Musgrave: But it s not him I,m keepin' It s old Bill. You know h e is getting a pension. If old Bill wants to keep him, Iv a not going to interfere. He's an excellent gardener. Always on the job. It's hard to get a man like him. And he is honest, aint he? And that's the main thing. You remember what happened when Hampton was in? Well, it s about time for me to go and get the committee together. You women folk go home and dress yourselves.
Mary Ann: We brought the things over to Mikey's cabin, it,ll save us a trip.
Musgrave: Clever! Well so long mother, take care of baby...(goes away to the right)
Mary Ann: Now come here Bebe! You are to stand right here__just so__ and hold your basket of flowers and your bouquet like that__ do you see? (shows how) Don t let anybody get ahead of you, do you hear? The mob will be pushing you, but use your elbows like this__(gives an example)
Bebe: Oh, this I know__I mean how am I to hand him the bouquet?
Marjory:(picks up a few cactus leaves and courtsying deeply shows an example) like this...
Mrs. Brennan: I think Margie could do it so much better__and besides, Bebe has her baskets...why thirty years ago in Canada__
Marjory: But Mamma__!
Mary Ann: What are you afraid of, I'd like to know? There is no one here, and I'm no stranger__really there is no need to hide things from me...
Marjory: No one is hiding anything!
Mary Ann: Oh, you a r e impossible!
Marjory: I am as I am...
Mary Ann: You can't make m e believe that you're sweet sixteen...
Marjory: I know you're taking advantage because we're living in your house...but...
Mrs. Brennan: Oh Mary, don't mind her..a silly child...

Mary Ann: " Child"?
Mrs. Brennan: Oh, its about time to get dressed__really this is no time for quarrels__soon the prince will be here. Make up now. Margie, you are the younger one ask Mary Ann pardon.
Mary Ann: I don't want her pardon! Come Bebe__
Mrs. Brennan: But Mary, won't you...for my sake... for the sake of my dead husband, your cousin...
Mary Ann: You always with your dead husband! Don't you know it's bad luck? And on a day like this! Bebe did you hear me, come on!
Bebe: One moment please__I ll be right after__oh Ma, do make up with Margie(hugging her) pleAse...please....
Mary Ann: Well, if I forgive her so often its Bebe you have to thank for it. Come over to Mikey's cabin right of way__(to Margie half reconciled) Do you promise to take care of her?
Marjory:(wiping her tears answers sideways) I-e-s__
Mary Ann: Well remember then__come Virginia! (exeunt to the right)
Bebe:(waiting for them to pass out from within earshot.) Well...?
Marjory: Well...?
Bebe: You promised to tell me...
Marjory: What?
Bebe: W h a t ? You know what I mean...oh , don't pretend...didn't you yourself promise to tell me...?
Marjory: But what?
Bebe: What, what, you k n o w... How it feels to be in love...
Marjory: Oh, some other time...
Bebe: I can't wait...oh, do tell me,..please Margie...
Marjory: Youssee, first you do this... Imagine I m the prince and you are the sweetheart...no, I mean you are the prince and I am the sweetheart. Now so...(placing herself in proper attitude) like that... Now advance like this...you take my hand and bow very low. You do not raise my hand like this, but you bend very very low...like this... (bows) then you imprint a kiss, a deep passionate kiss, like this... (Kisses her hand) Then we are both silent for a long long while... we look each other in the eyes...do! (pause)
Bebe: Oh, I can't stand it!
Marjory: All right then, the rest I'll show you next time...
Bebe: I can't wait!
Marjory: Come lets go. You want to get dressed, don't you? You want to be here before the committee arrives, don't you? I promised to take care of you. Come!
Bebe: But aren't you going to tell me about...(whispers something into her ear, both disappear to the right, omitting the arch.)
Andrew emerging cautiously from the opposite side carrying a package. Prince Ottor follows right after. He is a tall blond fellow with the figure of a typical Austrian army officer whose natural grace combines with the artificial modelling of the stay. His face is very mobile. It changes at the slightest provocation from the most amiable to the most cruel one. It is also capable of assuming a very dreamy expression with eyes slightly squinting and a slackness of posture which reminds one of an injured youngster. Fascinating when in good humor, his face when angry undergoes a transfiguration which is far from handsome. Then, his cheek-lines incise themselves deeply on up to the corners of his mouth making him appear old and haggard. He is dressed in a light (n grey traveling suit of a very fine make. Generally he conveys the impressio of a poseur, but graceful down to his his malacca malacca cane. Andrew his valet is a man of about forty five of a rather gentlemanly appearance

despite his almost shabby suit.)
Andrew: Your Royal Highness__this road leads into the city...
Prince Oscar: I forbid you to call me "Royal Highness" from now on. My name is Mr. Smith. Remember! (Reads the "Welcome") Dand coincidence!
Andrew: I told your Royal Highness that a small place was even worse than a big one, but Your Royal Highness insisted it was safer...
Prince O.: Who the devil would suspect that this mite of a town could.. however its no use lamenting...we must make thebbest of it...(after a while) and to think we're not in position to pay the fare to another place...(in a sudden flash of anger) but we must get out of here! We must crawl out of that hiding place, that mission. Its teeming with epople now...bad business this. We ve been living like owls for the past two nights...and to have to hide during the day...and live on stolen fruit...like some criminal or beast in the wilds...and to think that this after so many hardships of journeying under a false name and passport...no, this is really too much!
Andrew: But Your Royal Highness forgets that this country was only a short while ago officially still at war, and Y. R.H. was considered an en...
Prince O.:Pst .! You're a first class jackass! Somebody might hear you, damn you!
Andrew:(As if offering a remedy to this outbreak) Is Your Royal Highness hungry?
Prince O.: And if I am? Will you call the master of ceremonies? Or may be the trees of this country are bearing roasted pigeons?
Andrew: If they are not bearing roasted pigeons, they are certainly bearing ducks...here, I have something for Y.R.H.(Unwraps the parcel from its fern leaves and shows him two shot ducks.)
Prince O.: This is grand! Where did you get it this time?
Andrew: I found them lying a few paces off the main road...
Prince O.: Then some one must have dropped them...?
Andrew:(shrugging his shoulders) I can't help that...
Prince O.: Then you stole them, eh?
Andrew: Your Highness, but one must eat...
Prince O.: Then you did steal them..!
Andrew: I can't help that now...
Prince O.: I see__oh well, its no use pretending...go ahead, lie, steal, rob for the last scion of the oldest dynasty in Europe...
Andrew: But Your Royal Highness has no one to blame but...
Prince O.: I know.
Andrew: It would have been more advisable to stay in the old castle.
Prince O.: And listen to the whoops of the mob__ and bleed the peasants sponge on their poor tithes... the small tithes steeped in sweat... It is one thing to rob millions, to rob a whole kingdom, to bear that tremendous curse which only a king can bear, and it s quite another matter to wait for the daily allowance of bare everyday necessities. I long for the big hatred of the big people, that forges the will of a king!
Andrew: Your Royal Highness, these are hard times__if one can't rob a kingdom one must needs rob a duck__
Prince O.: That s a good one...you have a sense of humor Andrew. (Takes out a revolver from his pocket) Of course there is still this left...
Andrew: Oh Your Royal Highness...it robs my appetite...
Prince O.: Of course there is still this left...Andrew, do you have the mirror..? Give it to me...(Andrew hands him a pocket glass, the prince consmplates his face in it) A new Hamlet...without the setting

of a Shakespeare...One little pull, and... but no!(puts the revolver back into his pocket)
Andrew(Heaving a sigh of relief) Your Highness...I ought to be getting used to this revolver..seeing it every day pulled out like this...I ought to know that nothing will come of it—yet—every time I catch sight of it it makes my heart faint.
Prince O.:(not heeding him) But no...I was to have been a king by the grace of God, and I...a m g o i n g t o b e a G o d b y t h e g r a c e o f a k i n g! I will reshape my own destiny. Create it anew. I a m G o d and this here is my world. I am here to enjoy it. I am not in exile, exile is in me. I shall own the world if I so will it! God is I...!
Andrew:(shaking his head sorrowfully) Your Royal Highness ought to get a little more sleep...
PrinceO.:(Fiercely) Quiet! (Andrew makes a low bow) I am not to be a bubble... A bubble created by fickle chance and—annihilated. I am not an effigy, a dummy stuffed up to be carried on holidays—a toy for hero-worship!
Andrew: Your Royal Highness...I'd advise Your Highness to dispose of these ducks before their true lawful owner shows up...
Prince O.:(in a rage) Quiet! (shakes him) Do you hear?
Andrew:(bowing) All right Mr. Smith...
Prince O.: I'll crush you yet! All of you! I am yet the Prince of... (checking himself) For God's sake, what has happened to you? Why do you aggrevate me? Here am I in a strange country hiding like some low criminal, excluded from society lest people accuse me of nursing pretensions to the throne, and here is—(pointing to the decorations) Wretched coincidence...do you really think he will be here soon...?
Andrew: Its hard to tell—since we're not in touch with any one to inform us about it...
Prince O.: We didn't see this yesterday, did we?
Andrew: Not I. But I don't think he'll be here yet for a day or two, and meanwhile—one can manage by getting in touch with the people here, and may be get some help—
Prince O.: You mean to say I am to borrow money?
Andrew: If Your Royal Highness could only get it...but I doubt it very much...the best thing would be... according to my notion...to...
PrinceO.: Well?
Andrew: I dare not...I m afraid Your Royal Highness might...
Prince O.: Go ahead, What is it?
Andrew: I think—it would be— The only thing left us—well I couldn't—I mean—the seal... the seal ring...The late Emperor's seal ring...Your Royal Highness could get a fortune... a big fortune...
Prince O.:(In a rage) W h a t ? You dare? (pressing spasmodically at his breast-pocket) w h a t ? The seal of the emperor? Here! Take this! (strikes him with his cane) and this... and this...! You'l pay with your neck for this!(raises his cane again but checks himself in time, lowering it)
Andrew:(drops the ducks, steadies himself with eyes sparkling) Thank you!
Prince O.: (throws away his cane rocking his head in dispair) I.. Andrew.. forgive me...but this once... and I swear...it shall never happen again... My Princely word...Here is my hand...Do you hesitate? Andrew, would you reject the hand of a prince? (Andrew gives his hand hesitatingly) Only never mention that dreadful thing again...do you hear? t h a t ...the symbol of a king's power...the symbol of the highest significance... t h a t...(pressing at his breast-pocket) Don't you see Andrew, aside from being my valet, you were also to be my future subject—

Andrew: Yes, Your Royal Highness, but the duties of a valet and a subject are too much for one back...
Prince O.: I know...But have pity on me...you are the only one left on whom I can venture my wrath. The wrath of a scorned and exiled king to be...Its no joke, but you must feed my Princely wrath rather than my hunger. If you refuse , who will remain? Who on earth will minister unto the whims of a fallen prince...?(Carassingly) You ll make up, won't you...? It is a sad joke of fate that you should have aided me in the first efforts of a language, which has almost become my own, but which in this country, a strange country should sound strange too... a language which was destined to be the first in proclaiming me an exile... However let's not talk about it...what is it you wanted to say before?
Andrew: Before Your Royal Highness decides anything, I d advise to take these here ducks to a safe place...
Prince O.: I know you are my Sanch Pancha, but you are necessary... (coaxingly) come now, be my friend again...tell me what shall I do? How shall I get out of this here place? I want to earn money with these here hands...with these here Princely hands...Who will dare dny it to me? Ah, to live by the labor of one's own hands...how sweet that must be after all...
Andrew: Sweet?
Prince O.: And it seems the day is not far off—
Andrew: I'm afraid —not.(Picking up the ducks) but instead I would advise Y.R.H. to do something that is both honorable and profitable. Your Royal Highness plays the organ so well...For the last two nights since Y.R.H. has benn playing over at the little chapel , I noticed that every stranger passing by this road, stopped to listen to the music. The farmer halted his horse and wagon. Even the pigeons came a flying to settle on the roof...
Prince O.: Andrew, you're a "bluffer" how is it possible to see pigeons late at night, and when one is inside?
Andrew: Ah, to hear Y.R.H. play is like communiging with the Allmighty Himself...For truly its this that keeps one bound to Y.R.H. like the the dog that one is...To once hear Y.R.H. play, almost compensates one for all the miserable life...
Prince O.: In other words, I am to go out and play for a living)
Andrew: His Royal Highness can go into the next large city and—
Prince O.: And get a position as an organist, eh?
Andrew: Your Royal Highness said it—
Adeline and Peter emerging from behind the mission walk towards the center scanning the ground closely)
Adeline: I tell you its useless to look for them h e r e !
Peter: Of all things...(Suddenly taken by the humor of the thing bursts out laughing) Ha ha ha! I never heard of anything so funny...A hunter losing his game!(The prince realizing its too late to escape, remains)
Adeline: You're good laughing! But we ll see if you're so very much as cheerful at the empty table.
Peter: That's quite another matter. I ll bet some hungry bo stole them, if so, your hard time in getting them will have been well employed...(Both entering on the main road perceive the ducks in Andrew's hands.)
Adeline:(reaches him with two strides) Here they are!(casts an inquisitive look at the prince who bows courteously .)
Prince O.: At your service Young Lady...
Peter: So you caught them red handed! (takes the ducks away from Andrew and hands them to Adeline) Here... they are rather tempting...
Prince O.:(in a stern attitude to Andrew) How do you explain this sir?

Andrew:(bowing) Your Roy__
Prince O.: (steps violently on his toes) My friend must have made a mistake__.
Peter: You're right. He did make a miss take...Never mind... we're not the people to resent a thing like that, what do you say, sis? and what's more we're willing to share our meal with you...Seeing you were interrupted in the very noble act of stealing...seeing you have very poor luck, which means__you re worthy to be my friend se humbly invite you to partake of these here ducks. What do you say?
Prince O.: I thank you very much, but I am not__
Andrew:(hastily) Mister Smith and I will be very much delighted to be your guests at table.
Peter: It seems your friend is very much more practical than you...sis, go vamp him to supper...(takes Andrew aside,both engage in conversation)
Adeline: Do you want to be vamped? In the first place are you married?
Prince O: I have not yet had that fortune...
Adeline: That misfortune you mean? very well, let's play an open game.. I do not hunf families...your accent is queer, are you a stranger here?
Prince O.: Your sharpsightedness is well worthy of a huntress. Its true. I have arrived here only recently from...(checks himself) May I ask you in what relation this gentleman stands to you?
Adeline: Who, Pete? Didn't you hear him call me sister?
Prince O.: So I heard aright after all?
Adeline: And now that you know, are you going to accept the invitation?
Prince O.: Most assuredly so...
Adeline: So my time will have been well employed after all...
Prince O.: Are you a professional huntress if I may ask?
Adeline: No, I do it for ths sport of the thing. I like to kill.
Prince O.: You are a murderess...
Adeline: You aim__ a pull, a shot, a wing flutters... a red streak in the white foam of the breakers... alittle head drops...Its gone to sleep...
Prince O.: You are fit to be a queen...(Embarrassing silence, and then a noise of approaching people is heard.) Whats that?
Adeline: The Prince of Wales is coming here today. Don't you know it?
Prince O.: Today?
Adeline: Certainly, didn't you know it? Oh yes, I forgot you are a stranger.
Mary Ann, Bebe, Mrs. Brennan, Marjory come all dressed up. After them Mikey bearing English flags. Murmurs are heard:" The committee is coming" " The committee"! Soon after appears Musgrave at the head of a committee of citizens. Next to them follows a band of musicians with their brass instruments. Musgrave plants his committee right at the entrance of the triumphal arch, occupying himself the most prominent place. There is a loud hum of voices. Andrew who has come near Prince Oscar exchanges significant glances with him.)
Prince O.: (makes a movement as if to go) Well Miss Marvin I hope you ll grant me the privelege of...
Adeline:(interrupts him) Why, are'nt you going to see the prince?
Prince O.: I am...but in a quieter and more favorable place... where I can have a good look at him...
Adeline: But if you go away now you'll miss the opportunity! One does'nt see a prince every day... You ll sure miss it!
Prince O.: Will I?
Old Bill:((Walks toward Adeline and sees the prince; stops;contemplates him; then impulsively:) How do you do? Pardon me__are'nt you__the gentleman who played the organ?
Adeline: The one you told me about?
Old Bill: Yes, the one everybody was talkin' about...(Peter Andrew join them and all continue in eager conversation.)

(Marjory and Bebe pass them by hugging each other and whispering into each others ears.)
Bebe: I m so nervous...
Marjory: Let me hand him the bouquet...
Bebe: I should say n o t !
Musgrave:(Taking the flags from Mikey and staking them right next to the arch) You Mikey go out on the road and watch!
Mikey: Hatchum princum all right... (runs off)
Musgrave: (To one of the men) You stand right here! (Rearranges the committee.)
Mrs. Brennan (following Mary Ann with a rose which she tries to attach to her bossom) Now you look very attractive!
Mary Ann (picks up another rose and attaches it to Mrs. Brennan's bust) You look fine... very dressy...
Mrs. Brennan: Thank you...Margie! Where are you Margie!(Margie comes, she fastens some flowers in her hair.)
Musgrave:(Stands up on a chair and shades his eyes looking into the distance) They are bringing the carpet! (There is a craning of necks) A few townspeople are leading in twelve girls carrying a red plush carpet. They are dressed in white,and carry baskets with white flowers on their backs; the baskets having the shapes of horns of plenty. They are arranged six on each side, Musgrave placing them aong the main road with Bebe and her bouquet foremost. A mob follows among which is seen Napoleon all dressed up and glossy. He comes singing an aria from "Il travatore". Pushing his way roughly he tries to obtain a place near the girls.)
Musgrave (Mounts a chair again) Gentlemen! Quiet!(the hum subsides) We all are acquainted with the purpose of our coming here, so we don't need preliminaries. Above all let it be known that the most honored guest His Royal Highness the Prince O Wales has already set his foot on this our soil of our beloved hometown. I just now got word over the wire from my man Danny Pratt that the Prince with his honorable retinue has just now left Lincoln Inn in our cars, and is on his way here!(Shouts of hurrah!) Furthermore I wish to announce acting as the chairman of this committee that the Honorable Mayor Dowden who was going to deliver a speech on presenting His Royal Highness with a goldne key to this city(applause) with a golden key to this city on this memorable event was taken sick..(applause, and "shut up" from those paying attention is heard) Sick with pneumonia! The honor threfore devolving on my shouldrs, I want a pledge from you...
Mikey(rushes in panting) Him come! Me hear oromobile...(commotion)
Musgrave: Ladies and Gentlemen! He's coming!(the tooting of a distant siren is heard) Raise the banners everybody! So! Start the band! (waves to the musicians) Ho! (the band plays the " Starspangled Banner " everybody assumes a respectful attitude baring their heads. The tooting is heard to approach. The girls began strewing white roses on the carpet. All crane their necks to the right side of the road in expectation.
Prince Oscar steps forward ,walks up the flower bestrewn carpet to the triumphal arch where he pauses for a while then goes boldly through and disappears. After a momentary hush of general stepefaction the band having ceised to play a general stir ensues with" Catch him! Catch him! Police! Lock him up!" There are threatening fists, and a tendency to follow the tresspasser.)
Peter: Bravo! For the spokesman of real American Democracy! No barriers, no discriminations, no one or all! A worthy example. He is fit to be...(loud tooting)
Pratt: (in gauntlets all flushed enters from the right) The prince has arrived at the other end of the town. He has chosed the road through
(General stir towards the right as the curtain falls.)
Musgrave: So all was in vain! General stir towards thur right as Curtain

A C T II.

Three days later.

A spacious room in Old Bill's with a big glass veranda and broad windows entering on a beautifully located orchard. Trees laden with fruit are visible. They are interplanted with white, purple and pink aster, French marygold and geranium. The veranda and windows facing south, the room is filled with dazzling sunlight. Through the smaller windows in the right side wall facing south-west is seen a portion of a rather high enclosure hedging round the orchard. It is all covered with blooming heliotrope. Oh the sills of the open windows are straying a few hanging flowers of "Bleeding Heart" which seemingly climb the outer wall. The furniture is a mixture of odd pieces obviously from Musgrave's house. It consists of an old mahogany three piece suit upholstered in red plush, a longish table of old English oak, a book-case of red wallnut, some wicker-chairs and a settee fo brown leather. Other items are there to complete a combination of a sitting-and dinin-room. Through the open doors are seen human figures surrounding the trees and picking fruit into big hampers. Peter is discovered sitting on a chair near the book-case turning the pages of an illustrated book. From time to time he closes his eyes to listen to the strains of an organ which swell and decrease alternately.)

Adeline:(comes from the garden carrying two baskets filled with plums and peaches.) Pete...

Peter: Yes__?,

Adeline: Are'nt you ashamed of yourself?

Peter: Not in the least.

Adeline: You mean to say you refuse to land a hand?

Peter: I have but one hand...

Adeline: Oh, for Heavens sake don't...you know nobody wants you to do any hard worl, just stand with the workmen__

Peter: I am no watcher...Iym not going to aid in the reception of some princeling...of one who directly or indirectly has a share in bringing about my...

Adeline: But its grandad your helping! His old aching bones! Poor granny..to think that he never had a day's rest... with father and mother gone so early... He's had more than his share..seeing you through college...and...

Peter: To what purpose?

Adeline: Don't be bitter__others have fared much worse...

Peter: Of course, I could have lost both hands__both legs__ and...

Adeline: Cut it out!

Peter: I haye to remind you of it, because__you are a woman after all!

Adeline: I m not!

Peter: Just an ordinary woman delighting in extremes. Either you keep pestering me with too much consideration and keep reminding me that I'm a useless fellow or__ you ask me to entertain Mrs. Brennan...

Adeline: Yes! You think I enjoy it so very much! The Musgraves with that bunch of women who make you feel that you owe your life to them... But, we make the best we can, until__

Peter: Until you mary some rich guy, who comes in the nick of time to save you from the villain and redeem the mortgage, is that it?

Adeline: You make me sick! You're always picking on somebody!

Old Bill:(brings two hampers with apples and pears which he puts down on the ground. To Adeline having heard her last words) You just leave

him alone. Don't start a row in fron of the landlord(points to orchard) What's the good talking to him? The man has his pension and on't give a rap whether the old man will have a place to lay his head on, or not.
Peter: A pension__not enough to keep a dog alive! A nice prize for a—
Old Bill: Don't kick, don't kick! I wish I had something to fall back on after a life of hard work...(Exit Peter into the kitchen protestingly)
Adeline: Shsh.,(both listen) Its he...it's so wonderful...Listen granny.
Old Bill: There's no denying it, he is a master...For the last few days I couldn't approach the organ for shame he might hear me...if only he were willing to stay here...I spoke to the landlord the other day__ he said he's willing to interfere with the congregation on his behalf, 'bout this little job of an organist...I am too old for that now...
Adeline: You re a darling!
Old Bill(Scrutinizing her mockingly) So...(Adeline runs out)
Musgrave, Mary Ann, Bebe, Mrs. Brennan Marjory and Danny enter all carrying hampers with fruit which they place on the floor. The women all out of breath are fanning themselves.)
Musgrave: Do you think this is enough Daddy?
Old Bill: It depends__ (Exit into the kitchen)
Musgrave ! There are'nt enough hampers, I,ll have some more sent up__
Bebe: Everybody asks me: Is it true, Is it true, I s the prince going to have dinner in your house'?
Mrs. Brennan: This town is an awfully jealous town!
Mary Ann: To think that he should miss the arch an_ all that__well, for that we ll make it up at the dinner.
Musgrave:(to Danny) No such thing would happen with any other man! How on earth could you make such a bum job of it?
Danny: But Mister Musgrave__I swear it wasn't my fault! You know, a prince is no joke. I really did'nt even have an opportunity to talk to him__any time you want to utter a word there are a thousand things to hinder you— all those valets, those officers. There's even__They say he has a steady barber with him. So, how could I?
Musgrave: That just proves it that you re an ass. Why didn't you let us know about it?
Danny: How could I? They just took hold of the cars, an' put me in the rear... When I realized they were going by way of the Pallisades, it was too late. Chauffeur was fourteen cars ahead o me__Believe me Mister Musgrave, we ought to be grateful we have him here at all, believe me it was a hard piece of work you put over...
Musgrave: Wasn't it though? A fine job to say the least, eh? And this town's bound to rise. And this piece of m y work they're going put in the annals of this here town, so that it may know who puts it on its feet. So that it may remember old Musgrave...Yes sir!
Mary Ann: Yes, but for three days ever since he came here he was taken away to Santa Balboa and is kept on Rosemary Island!
Musgrave: Well,what would you? You don't expect me to kidnap a prince do you? I am only a small man in comparison to Rosemary a multimillionaire No one could have accomplished what I did, because don t forget he is a p r i n c e ! A prince is no joke! But the main thing is, he will pass here today on his way to the Blanche Observatory on Mount Dewy. Tomorrow on his way back he visits the mission and takes dinner i n o u r h o u s e ! Mary!(gives her a shake) Do you realize what it means? A prince? Mary a p r i n c e !
Bebe: (pointing to the sout-east windows) He'll pass Portage street, won't he?
Musgrave: Yes, baby...
Danny: Six waiters and three cooks from L. A... It'll cost a nice penny

but its worth it!
Mary Ann: And all the bustle, and all the work__Blieve me I'm pretty nearly run down.
Mrs. Brennam: But he is a darling...! So young and so...
Bebe: He's only six years older than I, ainit Ma?
Marjory: Eight__
Bebe: Much you know! May be he's your age!?
Marjory: What's wrong with my age?(Mary Ann makes a motion of despair)
MnsgrBrennan:Now children don't quarrel(To Musgrave(trying to brighten the atmosphere) Those are beautiful sandstone vases you put up at the entrance of the garden!
Musgrave: Aint they?Did you see the hydrangeas I put into them, no?
(goes out all follow except Marjory, who on noticing that Danny intends to remain behind, also hesitates. Danny seeing it goes to join the party. At the door Marjory steps into his way.)
Marjory: Are you coming with us?
Danny: I..? No, thanks I m going to stay in__
Marjory: I too am going to stay in...Do you know Mister Pratt, I often think that you are a queer person...
Danny: (indifferently) A queer person? May be.
Marjory: You are not a bit curious...
Danny: May be not...
Marjory: Why don't you ask w h y you're not curious? I never saw a person to be so little curious...You're not even curious to know, why I said ycu were curious... Are'nt you a bit curious?
Danny: Well the, supposing I a m curious__?
Marjory : I wanted to say that you re a queer man in that you avoid young girls...
Danny: I avoid young girls...?
Marjory: It looks like it...
Danny: On the contrary, I'm wild about 'em...
Marjory: I don't see that...
Danny: I'm sorry, but I think everybody can see it...
Marjory: If it were true what you say, there wouldn't be a button missing right here...(points to his coat)
Danny: Oh, I'd rather lose a button than my head!
Marjory: I didn't propose to you, did I? I know you men... you like to boast .. to compromise young girls... I hope you'll have nothing to boast about here?
Danny: Certainly not! What do you take me for?
(Musgrave Mary Ann Bebe enter) Danny turns to him eagerly , both talk)
Mary Ann: It does look different now!
Bebe: I'm going to put in some more!
Mary Ann: You come here and help us with the fruit, its getting late!
(The women arrange themselves on the settee picking the best of the fruit and arranging them with little twigs)
Musgrave:(to Danny) Shame! You run over to the tailor's at once, and have him come here immediately, or no, better take him to the mission. Hurry! and say, Mikey told me that Percy Holt's in town...In case you meet him... come here...(Whispers something into his ear) so be on your guard...
Danny: All right...you can rely on me...(Exit)
Mrs. Brennan(aside to Marjory) Well?
Marjory: What?
Mrs. Brennan : What did he say to you?
Marjory:(cross) Who?
Mrs. Brannan: Danny...
Marjory :Nothing...
Mrs. Brennan(studies her for the fraction of a second) What I don't

understand is why such a pockmarked, baldheaded,old...
Marjory: Leave me alone...!
Peter:(enters) I must say...he is a wag of a prince judging by the trick he played you. Ha ha ha!
Musgrave: Don't rejoice! What if he did miss the arch? A thing like that is liable to happen...And let me tell you you're not the only spiteful fellow in this town. But just the same we got him. And I am going to show you and Percy Holt and the rest of you who is boss in this place! My wife is right, I ought to put my foot down!(puts his foot down) We're going to have a dinner here that will be remembered all along the Pacific Coast ! Don't think as only they in the big cities know anything about receptions...
Peter: (sarcastically) So far all's satisfactory...
Prince Oscar and Anthony enter. The prince knocks on the open door and steps in without waiting to be called)
PrinceO.: (bowing) How do you do?
Musgrave: Oh howdy...you're the fellow that plays the organ,,aint you? Say, what's the idea your entering through the arch?
PrinceO.: Just a crazy notion.
Musgrave: One can't afford having crazy notions when one's a foreigner.. however we'll see...they all say you play the organ very well...Lets see.. Daddy spoke to me 'bout that little job of an organist. You see, we haven't a regular church yet__its the chapel in that mission, we're having a parson here every Sunday to hold mass, but that don't matter. We'll see.. I may interfere with the congregation on your behalf. You won't get much of a salary, but you get a little cabin and you must perform the service of a sexton, we're going to fire the old one. It doesn't pay to keep two people where one can do the work for two...just sweep the yard every day, dust off things in the mission, attend to the tapers,,,there's nothing really there... clean the windows, wash the floor once a week... Well, we shall see, we shall see. But not now. I am too busy with his Royal Highness the Prince. Believe me you're lucky you got away with that arch...they told me you were a stranger. Anyone would have been locked up for a thing like that...
Bebe: (approaches with the choicest basket of fruit to show it to Musgrave with the obvious intention to study the stranger) Look at this! Daddy its the biggest cluster of grapes in the garden! It goes the first to h i s table...
Musgrave:(enlightening) Its for the Prince...
Prince O.: The prince? (plucks some grapes from the big cluster and eats them. All make big eyes at him)
Musgrave: What's this again? (Peter laughs) Oh well have some. Plenty more...Forgot to offer you some...Go ahead!
Prince O.: Thanks, I had enough__ (Peter takes Andrew aside.)
Mary Ann: No one ever went out hungry from m y house...
Mrs. Brennan: Believe me Mister whats your name anyhow, you hit the proper place, this house is known all over for charity and hospitality...
Mary Ann:(offering him a chair) Be seated.
Prince O.: Thank you__(remains standing)
Mrs. Brennan(gets up and offers her chair back to Mary Ann) Here, take mine...
Mary Ann: No, thank you Iyll be going soon...(forces her back into the chair.)
Mrs. Brennan: You'll have to take my chair...
Mary Ann: No thank you.(Both are struggling for a while each forcing the other into the chair. Finally Mary Ann succeeds in forcing Mrs. Brennan to remain in the chair, who after a moment's fidgeting in the seat

gets up resolutely)
Mrs. Brennan: I'm n o t going to sit, while you stand!
Mary Ann: All right then, let's both sit down! do so)
Prince.O:(watching them in amusement) Thank you Ladies, but I'm not going to take your chair...
Bothe women(simultaneously) Why?
Mrs, Brenhan: Margie, ask the gentleman to take the chair, he certainly won t refuse a lady.(Margie complies)
Margie: Please, please, do sit down!
Prince O.: Not if the lady is as charming as you... (sits down)
Musgrave: We here in this country like self-made men. Do you see,me as I am now? I was poor once upon a time, very poor...and how did I succeed? Well, its a long story, the result is__ I'm Tom Musgrave with so much and so much real estate...making new and profitable investments all the time... Did you see my orchards? (The prince nods) Do you see those apple-trees there, on the side?(takes off his coat throws it on the settee and rolls up his sleeves in the heat of conversation, the prince watches with interest.) Come I'll show you...I planted them with my own hands fifteen years ago, when this place was yet desert. Come have a look at them! (Prince follows him reluctantly to the door, they remain standing there Musgrave pointing to different spots in the garden.Marjory and Bebe join Peter and Andrew.)
Mrs. Brennan: Mary...Do you know what I think? That this foreigner and my Margie... I know its too early to talk about it yet...and he s only a poor foreigner, but I think under your Tom's care he could be made somebody. Of course its what one might say lowering oneself... a greenhorn...but why should I fool myself Margie's no sweet sixteen and an orphan poor thing... If John were alive...of course things would be different...
Mary Ann: I wouldn't advise you to place much hope in that...Those foreigners are rather independent nowadays. They re not what they used to be...
Musgrave: (Returning points to Bebe who laughs provocatively teasing Peter.) Yes, this is my only daughter... and this__my wife.
Prince: (bows) Plwased...You have a very charming daughter,..
Musgrave: Bigger men than you,said it...One day when baby's all grown up and studious and obediant I m going to give her in marriage to some big title ..I guess I'll then Be in position to buy it...a big baronet or a count,..
Bebe: But I'm grown already!(Musgrave shakes his finger at her)
Prince O.: One buys these things, eh? ha ha ha...
Musgrave: There's nothing funny about that__why , did you never hear about it?
Prince: I did hear about it , all right...
Musgrave: As I said, we here like selfmade men. You probably heard of Bob Tompson, the grandfather of this Thompson the multi-millionaire? His grandfather you know, he was the first meat-packer in Chicago. It was in 1872. It was then that my grandfather drank lager with him at one bar...In his youth, he was kust an ordianary butcher nothing else But after, he grew so rich that he became mayor. He had the only white horse in Chicago. Mind you, the only white horse...
Mary Ann: Always you are telling the story without explaining first... How is it that there were no white horses in the whole of Chicago?
Musgrave: Wait wait, give me a chance! There were white horses in Chicago allright, only he had them killed. Any time he used to see a white horse, he sent out a policeman to kill it. Then you know the owner of the killed horse would show up, hand the mayor a bill and collect the money...

Mary Ann: When you tell the story tomorrow at the prince's dinner, don't forget to mention that the mayor d i d pay for each killed horse, or somebody of the family might sue you for libel...
PrinceO.: This is a remabkable story! Ha ha ha...
Musgrave:(patting him on the back at which the prince recoils) Lets hope you ll make good here, you re from England are nt you?(Prince nods)Its a country for such only as are willing to work... This here country needs young forces...the war has made a gap, we want to refill it...This here country does not discriminate. It doesn't ask you w h o you are As long as you re willing to put in a good day's work, you're welcome!.. Be so kind and hand me the coat!
Prince O.: W h a t?!
Musgrave: What do you mean " what" ? Hand me the coat I said, didn't you hear?
Andrew:(fetching the coat with a quick movement hands it to Musgrave)Here it is. Here...
Musgrave: Whats the matter with h i m eh?
Andrew: His Roy—er— Mr. Smith is sick...
Musgrave: Sick? We don't want sick people here! (turns away in disgust)
Peter:(with enthusiasm)slapping the prince on the back) Excellent! We will show them that even the poorest has a right to preserve his dignity as a human being. Although you're a foreigner and poor you refuse to serve the mighty. Yes sir, t h e wo r m t u r n s!
Marjory: Those bolsheviki!
Mrs. Brennan: Come Margie, this atmosphere is harmful to young girls...
Mary Ann: That's the way. Did you hear that Bebe? (all walk out under protest)
Peter: Ha ha! Its the biggest joke I ever heard!
Musgrave:(to Andrew) And you...I thought you were dumb standing there in that corner like an Egyptian mummy..Why do you do the talking for him, eh? So you c a n talk allright, eh?
Andrew: Yes sir.
Musgrave : What did you say?
Andfrew: I said, Yes sir.
Musgrace:(brightening at the sir) I think y o u are going to be allright here...(goes into the kitchen calling) Daddy, daddy!
Peter: Say Smith, you don t mind my dropping the Mister, do you? Why the deuce don't come home at meal times as agreed? You heard what the old man said. We re really not so bad off—so don t make a fuss. If you insist you can pay us back some time later, meanwhile I m inviting you, well?
Prince O.: I—
Peter: Oh I see. You think I m not in position to invite any one. But let me tell you I m looked up to here in this family as the maganate... I m getting a pension you know...
Prince O.: And I am to share y o u r pension?
Peter: What's wrong with y o u? Why should you now share my pension? I think you're entitled more than any of my blood-relations. We re kin in principle. We both belong to the class of the downtrodden...
(Musgrave enters.Old Bill follows closely)
Musgrave: This can't go on! Yes, you too lost your head!
Old Bill: But how could I know it? You yourself didn't know it if the prince is going to pass this way to the Blanche Observatory, you received word only later—
Musgrave: Yes, all this is all right, but why can't you Ada make it up now? Just go in and give the candlesticks a good polish?
Old Bill: This is no woman's work—
Musgrave: I must tell you that you're pampering your family too much,

I won't stand for it! I'm sick of it!@ Peter flares up, makes a few steps forward toward the two, but then checks himself, and taking the prince under his arm they walk out. Andrew follows.) I wish you'd send that spiteful fellow away to some other relative...
Old Bill: He is a sickly—
Musgrave: Rot! Every good-for-nothing is sickly! Good excuse this! This is m y house isn't it? But any time I come here I'm being treated as if I were the employee instead of the employer. Mary Ann is right after all...Here I put in this furniture, all brand new stuff and who appreciates it, who?
Percy Holt (appears in the open doorway. He is a tall gaunt fellow nearing fifty. He has an obstinate sharp-nosed face and a way of shooting his eyes in all directions without turning his head, which gives him the appearnace of a sly circumspect person.) I hope I'm not in the way?
Musgrave: Oh, its you is it? Hello, how's things?
Percy Holt: Yes, its me, I ain't in the say I hope?
Musgrave: Certainly not! Daddy lookehere...See to it that its being done...I don't give a hang how you do it...
Old Bill: Yes, but I'm not sure...
Musgrave: You go and attend to it! (Exit Old Bill)
Percy H.: You're eager to send your man away...he may hear something which you don't care to—
Musgrave: I'm not afraid of any one. I have done no wrong.
Percy H.: You have done no wrong? What do you call this piece of dirty business?
Musgrave: What? What do you mean? I don't know anything. I don't know what you mean.
Percy. H.: You don't know anything, eh? You think you can fool me off like some darn....
Musgrzve: But I don't know what you mean!
Percy H.: Very well then, I see you made up your mind to play the innocent lamb. Oh I see... You d i d n o t snatch away the prince from Eagle Canyon City, did you?
Musgrave: Nobody snatched a prince away from you!
Percy Ho.: You did n o t sneak around the office of the Narenga Pacific Club! You did n o t send out your men with your automobiles to close up the roads with fake red lanterns to make it appear the road to Eagle Canyon is in repair! To force the party to go right your way! And— all the time you knew that it was my sacred right—
Musgrave: Say, what is the use talking? One thing I want to ask you and that'll settle the business. I want to ask you: did you catch me redhanded?
Percy H.: I'll tell you what—
Musgrave: Did you catch me redhanded!
Percy H.: That's just the trouble and your luck. Because a thing like that,...you know what's liable to happen to you if a thing like that is found out you're not dealing with your equal, Thom Musgrave...youre playing with fire I tell you...look out..you re playing with fire..this is a <u>prince</u> you're dealing with, look out..."
Musgrave: My conscience is easy. So far no one's anything on me. These are rival towns: each has a right to be put on the map first, and there is no ethics in business you know...and, take your loss like a sport...
Percy Ho.: You're glad...you put one over on me, eh? I have nt come to remind you of our former school days...don t be afraid.. Neither did I come to ask you whether a thing lie that is fair play. I know its no use. I only came to tell you that I know, how you played the crooked game.(About to go he turns once more on Musgrave) And one more thing I'll tell you, that he who laughs last, laughs best...what that means

you'll find out in due time...goodby and goo luck...(exit with a flourish)
Musgrave:(Shouts after him) It s all right, I still remember the out_ bidding of Santa Valencia!(follows into the garden) Mamma! Mamma!(
Bebe:(looks around) Nobody's in...come on...
Marjory: (comes in after her) Here, quick...
Bebe: I sent him a letter...
Marjory: Who?
Bebe: The prince...
Marjory: What did you write there you silly..?
Beb:"Silly yourself! I know more than you!
Marjory: Comennow...you know I didn t mean it...you know I m your best friend...did you ever regret teling me about Johinnie? Come...
Beb: I wrote—I wrote— I won t tell you.
Marjory: If you won t tell me I am going to tell on you!
Bbbe: You blackmailer! I m going to tell on you!
Marjory: What do you know about me? I never told y o u anything!
Bebe: That you showed me to—
Marjory: What?
Bebe: Everything!
Marjory: Come now, don't be silly. What did you write to him? If you tell me this, I m going to tell you something else...something you don t know yet...
Bebe: Is there anything I don't know yet?
Marjory: No. But this particular thing you don't know.
Bebe: Well, I ll tell you...I wrote... I wrote to him...(whispers it into her ear)
Marjory: Did you write t h a t ?
Bebe: And don t you dare tell any one or else...
(Musgrave, Mary Ann Mrs. Brennan enter)
Musgrave: Of course it can t be helped—all right, let him know then... I only wonder who could have...all the details...
Mary Ann: I wouldn t be surprised if that...(points to the kithhen door)
Musgrave: Well, I have my suspicions...if I find out... by God I m going to...
Danny(rushing in) Did you hear the news?
Musgrave: No, What happened?
All: What happened? What happened?
Danny: The saind...the tailor...taking off the dress they discovered something... a terrible thing... Didn t daddy tell you?
The women (screaming) What s the matter?
Musgrave: Speak! For God's sake, what has happened?
Danny: The saint...
Musgrave: Well well-well?
Danny: The sain has on his back...
The women(screaming) What?
Danny: The saint has on his back an idol...A carved idol...
Musgrave: Andidol?(Rushes out all the women follow. Danny leads the way)
Prince O.: Andrew enter from the kitchen.)
Prince O.: I ll simply say goodby...Damn the agency, to cut me off jsut now, and leave me utterly without funds, and when, Now that I am most in need of it... that I am so poor...
Andrew: Your Royal Highness...If your Royal Highness insists on being poor...
Prince O.: What do you mean insist?
Andrew: Your Royal Hinghenss is in possession of something that could...
Prince O.: W h a t ?(pr

Andrew: Your Royal Highness carries about his person...
Prince O.: You mean...? You dog! (flies at him with a motion as if to choke him, but checks himself) You,ll swing for this, remember! I can still hang you.. I-m [illegible]...
Andrew: At your service...(bows)
Prince O.: That the heirloom of centuries! The heritage of the founder of the dynasty! I m going to issue an order immediately to the Adjutant General to...
Adeline:(enters with two candle sticks from the garden and goes toward the kitchen.)
Prince O.:(hastens to relieve her of her load) Oh, but its too heavy for you... (takes the candlesticks. Andrew rushes to relieve him.) Where do you want them taken ?
Adeline: The mission.
PrinceO.: (to Andrew) Go ahead! (Exit Andrew smiling rogueishly)
Adeline:(bends out from the window and plucks up a flower) Here... this is for your chivalry...(sticks into his buttonhole) a bleeding heart...
Prince.O: I shall well guard it...(kisses her hand)
Adeline: Mister Smith, may I ask you a question?
Prince O.: Certainly...
Adeline: Why are you acting so queerly, and who is this man?
Prince O.: Why, he is my friend...
Adeline: Yes, but I heard him call you'sir'...?
Prince O.: (A wee bit embarrassed) You see, its a habit of his...he had served as a buttler for many years...and so sometimes he forgots himself the ass...
Adeline: The people here...there are all kinds of rumors... about your being a...
Prince O.: (troubled) What?
Adeline: A count...
Prince: (relieved) Is that all? Ha ha ha.. I am not a count...
Adeline: Thank God...
Prince: Why, what s wrong with a count?
Adeline: There is nothing wrong with a count, to be sure, but there's something wrong with me...
Prince O.: I don t understand...
Adeline: If you were a count, I wouldn t...(turns away)
Prince O.: You wouldn t...?(embraces her in a sudden strong kiss. Adeline after being held for a while tears herself loose and rusn into the kitchen, the prince pursues.)
(Musgrave and Danny enter)
Musgrave: Is there no one listening? Its bad business this... very bad business...Mikey the Indian says its the Mexican god of war Huitzilopochtli. How this happens to be there, is what I don t understand... Old Bill says it may be one of the very old images, where the witch-doctor to revenge himself on an old missionary who as he thought came to abolish their gods carved the idol upon the back of the saint...
Danny: I think so too...
Musgrave: And may be its a joke? Some trick played?
Danny : I think so too...
Musgrave: Listen, this story has got to be hushed up...something must be done about it right of way...I should have expected more sense from you than go about and blab out a thing like that. If they find out about it...if Percy Holt gets wind about it the whole town's a goner...
Danny: But we could make a show of it. Tourists would come from all over the world and...
Musgrave: Hold your horses! It would make us the laughing stock of the world. A saint, although nobody knows exactly his name, because he was a missionayy is a saint, and whats more he was supposed to have a healing

power! Wonder what the priest would say__
Danny: The priest said he was saint at all! The saint said he was a sacrilege__
Musgrave: How does he come th know?
Danny: He's in town today. Came to see the prince...
Musgrave: And so you blabbed it out again, eh?!
Pratt: But Mr. Musgrave I swear I didn't. There was the tailor saw it and that wop...He was praying...
Musgrave: Those people will have to be spoken to and cautioned...something has to be done immediately...something has to be done immediately..
(Runs out Danny after him.)
Prince O.:(Enters right pulling Andrewwaah jerking him) Andrew, you ass, she loves she loves she loves me!
Andrew: There is another of Royal Highness affairs...but I would advise Your Royal Highness not to bite the hand that feeds...we've been enjoying their hospitality...
Ptince O.: But this time its the real one... I swear...
Andrew: Your Royal Highness always says so...
PrinceO.: But I swear..! And tonight a rendezvous...in the old mission.
Andrew: Your Royal Highness and how about leaving? Your R. H. decided to...
Prince O.: We'll see...We'll see... Surely , surely, but first I must show myself to her in my... Andrew, we shall enact a little pageant tonight for her sake...You shall prepare my uniform...I am going to wait for her enthroned on a mock throne that was to be real...and you Andrew will have to pay me obeisance. Hunt up a few worshippers, pay them, bribe them...only for tonight,..
Andrew: This Your Royal Highness is rather a hard task...it's playing with fire under the circumstances...the people may find out...
Prince O.: I don t care if they do...I'm going to take the risk of my life today , Andrew...I don't care if I fail...Andrew, I m in love... donn't you understand? I must come into my own tonight... a kingdom... a little mock kingdom...A prince is in love...
Peter: (enters) The funniest thing out, ha ha ha! The war god huitzilopochtli on the back of a saint... Did you hear anything so funn?
Prince O.: What do you mean?
Peter: They discovered it in the mission. And idol carved on the back of the saint... The god whom the Aztecs used to feed with human hearts on golden platters...and when you think that this saint was supposed to have healing properties... to carry one one's back a devil of a god, ha ha ha!
Prince O.: An idol on the back of a saint? This your California i s a land of romance...(to Andrew) Aren t going now' I expect you to keep that little promise of yours(makes a sign secretely)
Andrew: Allright, Your.... I,,ll see what I can do...(exit)
Prince O.: Yes yes, sometimes a hand strikes back from the longforgotten past...(with an indication at Peter's empty sleeve) Say, where did you__?
Peter: You mean where did I lose my hand?
Prince O.: Too sad to mention it...
Peter: Weren t you in the game?
Prince O.: I took part all right... but its I who put the question first...
Peter: I see...welll, if you're interested__I was wounded in Italy, on the Isonzo. In an encounter with the Austrians.
PrinceO.: With the ___
Peter: Why, were you there alos?
Prince O.: No. Go ahead...
Peter: There is nothing more to tell, only...

Prince O.: (hiding his confusion in quick eager talk) I can understand how you feel,..
Peter: That s just where you are mistaken...I do not feel anythingaat all. I bear no bitter feeling, and therefore no desire for revenge... Singular, no? Thats what worries me. I lost my right hand..now I m having my left...but it took me five years of training to adopt myself to a left world... Imagine: every little thought that prompts a certain movement sending its messages to its commander in chief, the right hand, the instincive and immediate response of your whole right self and__ the quick realization that its missing... that there is one big irreparable gap...
Prince O.: And you bear no feelings of revenge?
Peter: We are so paltry, so mean, so weak in our feelings that nothing can have a lasting effect on us...I do sometimes try to work myself into a passion of rage, but this too is only temporary and of no account...
Prince O.: This cold self contempt of yours is even more than some such explosion of hot temper,.. at any rate its more dangerous because cool and scheming. You don't mean to tell me, that if you were to come directly face to face with your enemy...the one who caused this... you don't mean to tell me that the...
Peter: If I were to come face to face with my enemy..them I would... (clenches his fist. A noise as of an approaching mob is heard) The prince..he s passing now...aren t you a bit curious?
Prince O.: No.
Peter: You a r e a queer fellow! (Approaching the windows in a new outburst of rage) There is your enemy! It isn t the poor devil that threw the shell which severed my arm...he too might have been struck on his way...it's they! I learned enough in that war to know whom to hold responsible for it...its they...the rotten system of a tottering clique...! (A miliatry march is heard. The mob becomes thicker, shouting. Banners are seen.) There he is passing through a triumphal arch now...(The prince approaches the window slowly, and as the music passes becoming faiter he leans his chin on his cupped hand, and smiling sadly he meditates, while Peter leans out with a cynical defying gesture.)
Peter:(turning to the prince confidentially) Do you know...I have written a mock hymn... a travesty you know...If I were to address him at the arch...Do you care to listen?
Prince O.: Why, are you a writer?
Peter: Not exactly...I made a few attempts...had them published too... I do correspondences occassionally...you know, just small town stuff... but this here__would you care to listen?
Prince O.: I couldn't refuse a poet...
Peter: But you will have to act a certain little part, do you agree?
Prince O.: And what will it consist of?
Peter: Oh, just stand and listen to me...you re going to play the part of the prince you know...
Prince O.: I...?
Peter: Do me the favor for but just one second...you won't refuse a crippled man a favor would you? Ha ha ha! You see I m mean enough to implore mercy...I m utilizing my condition...This is the kind of person I am... I am a mean mercenary! I wear the khaki with the same purpose In civilian clothes I am just an ordinary cripple with no one giving me a thought... but as it is, they pamper me...The ladies look at me with kindly eyes: There goes the hero! If this insect of a landlord stands my abuse, because its done in khaki! Ha ha ha!
Prince:(uneasy) But man, what s come over you, are you sick?
Peter: Remember, you promised to listen! It's not a finished thing but it'll just give you an idea of what it s going to be... Now I want your word of honor you won t interrupt!

Prince O.: (Hesitatingly) My word of honor...
Peter:(gets hold of a dried Christmas wreath and puts it on the prince's head.) Here, so... imagine you're the prince for a moment...so...stand here friend...you gave your word not to interrup...(kneels down before him in a mock attitude) and takes

* Holla ye slaves!
Sounds not the clatter of your shackles sweeter than music
In the ears of the chosen one?
Whine his splendor!
The hissing whip lays the stripes of his glory on your backs
Contort ye your faces in pain, writhe your bodies in agony
Its the psalm of the Chosen to God, his thanksgiving...
Open wide the portals of triumph, and ye, angels , stoop ye
From your bronzen pride and worship in human weekness,
Lay your wreaths of gold and blood upon the head of the blessed one
In the museums!
Ha ha ha!
And ye, heroic armors so many feet tall
Hold up your blades of so many pounds
Which no human being can boast of lifting up,
Stand up and sing on the song of iron strength,
And exalt your iron souls in iron prayers for the iron yet to come,
But our Prince is frail, and hardly reaches to your waist
For he is the heir of constitution.
My Prince...thou art comely in thy Royal pallor, but why
But why My Prince does the corner of thy mouth palpitate?
The corner of thy beautiful mouth?
Let a million mother bemorn their firstborn
Let the rivers turn into blood and burn the bread in the fields
For the corner of thy beautiful mouth.
The world is rich enough.
My Prince thy glory is yet great although
They keep on stripping parts of thy Princely mantle...!

Bravo friend! You played your part admirably!(Takes from a little cupboard a bottle with two glasses and poures in,handing a glass to the prince who exhibits his motions half confused half dismayed.)
Drink friend! To the downfall of the tyrants! To the downfall of all crowned heads!
Prince O.:(tears the wreath from his head and smashes the glass with a bang) N o ! (Peter
Peter: W h a t ? Whats t h is? You gave your word... Whats t h i s?
Prince O.:(mastering himself, fetches Peter's glass and raises it to his lips; sadly) Yes, I g a v e m y w o r d o f hoo n o r...!

(Curtain)

A C T III.

Late the same eveing

In the sacristy. A big room resembling a hallway. One entrance on the right leads to the mission, the other on the left to the chapel. The scene is only dimly lit up with red oil lamps; but enough to emphasize the polygonal shape of the room, and a few pieces of log-work furniture. On the left side wall there leans a glassed cupboard through which are seen clerical vestments. Some old vessels with a copper holy-water-pot are among them. Four Gothic stained glass windows are distributed in twos at opposite angles. In the south-wall are a pair of broad double doors widely open entering on the lawn, on which is seen a glowing fire. Some figures are surrounding and feeding it with branches of bluegum. Musgrave stands by the open doors and beckons to the figures in a mysterious manner.

Dan: (entering from the lawn) Is all ready...?
Musgrave: All's ready. Daddy's in there too (points to the entrance of the mission) Get hold of it, and let's be done...Quick...before anyone notices the fire...Are you sure nobody's around...?
Danny: Nobody'll suspect anything...they'll think it's a camping party making a fire... But the people may find out otherwise...
Musgrave: The people will never find out. The two saints look exactly alike...You can rely upon the secrecy of Father Rancero...and besides, Paloma is on the other side of the Mexican border...Not for nothing did I run at top speed like ten devils... Who on earth will suspect that the milk wagon brought a saint?
Danny: But too many people knew about it, supposing__
Musgrave: Oh rot, we'll deny it...The saint was always kept in the darkest niche lit up by a small oil lamp...Say the fire's big enough now, hurry... you're sure there are'nt any strangers loitering?
Danny: Only Mikey and Napoleon.
Musgrave: I'm going to get rid of them too. I have a job for Mikey on the other side of the border, and the Italian we'll simply shoo away from town...
Danny: How about daddy?
Musgrave: Daddy's reliable. He'll want to hold his job...and so are the rest of his family...Hurry...!
Danny: But...
Musgrave: But what?
Danny: May I remind you of the...
Musgrave(angrily) W h a t ?
Danny: The deal you promised to let me in on...
Musgrave: Is this the proper time to remind me of a thing like that?
Danny: I think this is the proper time...
Musgrave: Graft..? Skunk! Can anyone beat that? To think that I am the only person in this world to be concerned with the welfare of this town. No sympathy from anyone, no consideration, no patriotic feelings! What are you standing here for? Hurry up! The fire'll be out soon. Shake a leg! I'll stand watch here.(Danny goes hesitatingly into the mission, Musgrave remains in the open door supervising.) Careful careful... don't break him it's a sin!(Old Bill and Danny come carrying the saint covered put him down in the center of the room.)
Old Bill: Boss, don't you think you'd better leave it in the mission... you know... this saint... the mission is rather used to him...

Musgrave: What? Should this community pray to a mock saint? Not as long as I have a say in these matters! Go ahead!
Danny: Besides he did no one any harm, as far as I remember...he...
Musgrave: Beat it!
Old Bill: But it's agreed that I'm not going to lend a hand...
Musgrave: So you won't lend a hand, eh? Well I should have expected this from an old feeble minded person like you...!
Old Bill: I'm sorry, but you don't expect a man halfways to his grave to...
Musgrave: Oh, I see, you want to be on the safe side...well if you had more sense you wouldn't be what you are...all right, go stand watch at the gate!(Exit Old Bill) Get a hold! Remember, keep him covered...
Danny: Aren't you going to supervise?
Musgrave: You ass, of course not! Didn't I tell you I'm going to remain here and watch the place from the inside? Get a hold! (both carry the saint into hte lawn. Musgrave returns immediately, looks around cautiously, motions violently into the lawn) Go ahead! Go ahead! You damned fools, go on! Hurry up!
(Danny and Mikey bring in the statue and put it down.)
Musgrave: What's that?
Danny: They refuse to burn him...
Musgrave: What do you mean they refuse to burn him?!
Danny: They won't do it...They won't Mr. Musgrave...They are afraid you know...An ordinary superstitious lot...
Musgrave: How about you?
Danny: What the devil did he do to me that I should burn him? After all he is a saint!(enter Napoleon, Mikey teases him with the trick-toy.)
Musgrave: (threateningly) Listen here...the statue must be burned tonight! Tomorrow the prince is visiting, and we must have a clean respectble saint...
Danny: It seems to me he is respectble enough...
Musgrave: Respectable enough? (uncovers the back of the saint. It consists of a log of wood with a crude indication of shoulders and arms. Only the head neck and hands are done elaborately and with a certain amount of skill. On the part where is supposed to be the back of the saint is carved the Mexican god of war Huitzilopochtli. The carving of the idol is intensified with a glaring ochre, particularly the face.)
Musgrave: What do you say, now?
Danny: (turns the saint. The face of a pioneer missionary is seen. All the while as this goes on, a few faces are seen to peer through the windows
Danny: What's the matter with him?
Musgrave: (turning the saint) But look at his back!
Danny: (turning him back) But look at his front!
Musgrave: (To Mikey angrily) You take him out and burn him!
Mikey?(pointing to the side of the idol) Him relative...him angry cent kill him...him kill cent...him kill me too...
Musgrave: Damn you all!(to Napoleon? You take him...what's the matter with you, are you dumb? Can't you speak at all? Do you understand English or do you speak Italiano?
Napoleon: Me no know Italiano, me speeke Engleesh...
Musgrave: So you understand what I said, take him!
Napoleon: Misterra..you leeva heem alone... he no rob..he no steal... him honest mana..!
Musgrave: Damn you, all of you!(takes the image upon his own back) I'll show you yet... I'll drive you out of this place, all of you!
Napoleon: (stretching out his arms imploringly) Misterra..Misterra
Musgrave: I'll be damned if I don't drive you all out of this...(gradually as he comes nearer the door his steps slow down , finally he stops

and turns back with the saint upon his back) I have an idea...! (puts down the statue) Say Danny, supposing we paint his back? The idol painted won't be visible...
Danny: An excellent idea! Grand !
Musgrave: What do you say? The idea came to me as I looked just now at the newly painted fence of the mission. Silas only yesterday completed it, and the can is still standing there, outside. (to Mikey) Hurry you good-for-nothings fetch the can!(both Mikey and Napoleon dash out for the can)
Musgrave: One howls with the wolves you know..
Danny: After all he is a saint...
(Mikey brings the can Napoleon looks in and sneaks away)
Musgrave:(to Mikey) Go ahead and do it...
Mikey:(pointing to the face of the saint) Him...?
Musgrave: No, darn you the other side! This...this.. here...!
Mikey: Him relative...me fraid...
Musgrave:(fetches the can angrily) Get out of here! Skidoo...! (He paints the back of the saint Danny holding up the can. After a few dubs the idol disappears under a green coat of paint) See that? The pope himself wouldn't know...
Percy Holt:(in the door) The pope may not know this, but I...
Musgrave:(terrified) Where the devil did you...?
Percy Holt: You didn't expect me did you? Some surprise ainit? Ha ha ha! (two people come in and remain standing at the door)
Musgrave: We haven't done anything wrong, have we? You don't have to stand there as if though...
Percy H.: No, God forbid! Burning a saint, that ain't no wrong, is it?
Musgrave: But we didn't burn him, did we? And you have brought your witnesses in vain! We d i d not burn him, did we?
Percy H.' Lucky for you you didn't.. because if you did, why...
Musgrave: Supposing we did it, whose darn business is it ? It's our mission, our saint we're burning, no one else's we're not afraid...
Percy H.: Yes, but why this secrecy? And the locked gate, and daddy standing watch, eh? So you are afraid , eh? For though you have the mayor on your side, you're afraid of the people...If they should ever happen to find out 'bout this... and they'd come to know you for the atheist and radical that you are... why there would be the end of you, and as to your real estate...
Musgrave: I an atheist? I a radical?! (jumps at him)
Percy H.:(coolly) I aint afraid of you. It's you who ought to be afraid of me...
Musgrave:(shakes a fist into his face) I tell I...
Percy H.: This is for snatching the prince away... I knew all the time that you were up to some dirty business(to the two people) You can go bow.(Exeunt the two people)
Musgrave: I see...I know you're up to some blackmail.. Well make it quick, what is it?
Percy H.: I only came to see and hear, that's all. And I am mighty glad I know what I know...
Musgrave: Oh come! You do want something! I know you too well, only you want to mouse with me a little...But I ell you, it's either you make up your mind at once, or I change mine, and by God I m going to fight, by fair means or foul!
Percy H.: Go ahead and fight, no one'll stand in youw way...Only if the prince finds out tomorrow, and he s h a l l find out, I ll see to that__ if the prince finds out, this town'll be made the laughing stock...
Musgrave: Percy...is that fair play? True you have me in a hole but for the sake of our old school-days...

Percy H.: " Fair play" " For the sake of our old schooldays" Where do you get that line..?
Musgrave: I see...it's no use talking...(To Danny pointing at the saint) What are you standing here for? Take him into the mission and beat it! A fine mess you made of it!
Danny:I?(takes the statue and goes into the mission)
Percy H.: You said I was mousing...well I wont mouse with you but one thing I'll tell you, you'll have to....(looks around) walls have ears you know...(Whispers something into his ear at which Musgrave jumps back)
Musgrave: T h a t...? Man alive are you crazy?!
Percy H.: This is either take it or leave it... (Goes out)
Musgrave: (runs after him) Man alive! Do you realize— That... T h a t! (Both disappear)
Andrew:(enters from the left, looks around, proceeds with a stealthy step, beckons into the chapel) Your Royal Highness...,
Prince O.: (enters he is dressed in uniform.) So they re all gone... It s getting late...Andrew...what would you do if I were to die all of a sudden?
Andrew: Why...what makes Your Royal Highness think so?
Prince O.: Just so. One never knows what may happen...
Andrew: Your Royal Highness pleases to frighten me...
PrinceO.: What a singular dread you, common people have of death. True you value other people's lives, but that cowardly fear—Andrew, do you think she will disappoint me? She was supposed to have been here long ago...
Andrew: May be she kept away on account of these people—
Prince O.: You re right...Listen, in case they should come back, we are not to indicate that we know anything about this saint business... (Andrew bows) Andrew...where in the world shall we go? Is there no place in the whole world where I can rest my tired head? Hand me the mirror..(Andrew hands him the mirror, the prince contemplates his face in it) I cut a tragic figure...here, take it back...
Andrew: It seems to me...should not Your Royal Highness rather keep that mirror...in case of another emergency...?
Prince O.:I know Andrew...you re making fun of your Master, but I tell you I m getting old...my face gets to be full of suffering..however... (puts the mirror into his breast-pocket) Look at the dying cinders of the fire...and how the moon is playing in the stained glass of these old windows...and the dramatic attempt at burning the saint...and the bunch of nondescripts...It reminds me of the noble king Montezuma..of how he gave his knigdom to Cortez...He too was made to suffer on account of his kindness...he too was subject to human treachery...he too was kept a prisoner...and all because he gave up a kingdom...was not his misery akin to min?
Andrew: But Your Royal Highness says he g a v e his kingdom...
Prince O.: What do you mean to insinuate by it, that I did not...? Ass...I know the reason of your having become so impudent lately... It's because I am penniless...because I am in exile... But I tell you I am still...I have not yet formally renounced my title...I can still hang you...
Andrew: (bowing) At your service...
Prince O. Will she come tonight? I have nothing left but...Tomorrow we shall again be on the high road...but tonight...
Adeline:(comes in a white gown a wreath of orange blossoms on her fore_ head, looks surprised at the prince.) Is it...you...?
(Both contemplate each other. Andrew withdraws into the chapel.)
Prince O.: Orange blossoms...
Adeline: You look like a prince from a book...

Prince O.: I am a prince tonight....Would you like to step into the pages of a book...?
Adeline: I would...
Prince O.: Close your eyes...So... Now step...on two three...get over the threshold...Now we're in the palace of an Austrian prince...
Adeline:(snuggles up to him) Oh...
Prince O.: He had a wife a Belgian Princess whom he was forced to marry to promote his father's interests. His father was the emperor. He did not love his wife, and led an unhappy life. All his friends and himself also his mother the empress entreated the emperor to dissolve the bonds of matrimony, but it was of no avail. The emperor was obstinate. One night at one of the court balls he met a baroness. She was a young girl of about eighteen. He fell in love with her. He redoubled his entreaties to obtain a divorce—he offered to renounce the throne; but the emperor's answer was final. It was not to be. He then threatened to blow his brains out, and—the emperor rather preferred this than free him. And then... One night they found them both...dead...
Adeline: Oh...
Prince O.: Imagine I'm that prince and you...
Adeline: No! It's too dsad...I like a happy ending...
Prince O.: There's no such thing as a happy ending. Everything that Happens is sad. Everything that materializes has the seeds of that in it...(Embraces her) sweetheart... will you...' (hesitates) die with me...?
Adeline:(withdraws) Die...?
Prince O.: But first we shall marry...
Adeline? Marry...?
Prince O.: Yes...there, in the chapel...I shall be the priest. Am I not a prince tonight? A future emperor? I abolish the authority of the church tonight and set up in it's place the authority of the emperor! My word is law tonight! (offers her his arm) Come to the altar!
(Adeline follows him, perplexed.Both exeunt into chapel.)
(Old Bill and Peter enter from the mission)
Old Bill: I tell you I saw her...
Peter: She may have come to witness the burning.
Old Bill: Nonsense—she was all dressed up! You better have your eye on this place...I think somebody's inside besides...she must be hidden somewhere in the garden. B cause I saw that Andrew...and he behaved... I didn't like the way he behaved...his mysterious looking around...he's still standing outside...I tell you, you watch!
Peter: Oh, there's no danger...Smith isn't the kind of fellow you think... No nerve... Not the fellow to embroil himself in a thing like that... Not at this time... Down and out...
Old Bill: You do as I say... I have experience enough of this kind... Saw much worse things happen...
Peter:(impatiently) All right... all right...I'll stand watch..A hell of a lot you gain by watching a woman nowaday's...It may be too late...
Old Bill: That's what I say! We don't know much about that Mister Smith, do we? And he's a foreigner to boot...No responsibility to his own kin...
Peter: You are an old man, and like all old people you're suspicious.
Old Bill: Trouble with you is, you trust everybody...It's enough for you if he knows how to play the organ, or some such thing to vouch your life for him. True, I too enjoy his play, but there's something that is nearer and dearer than the best of music...
Peter: All right...All right...
Old Bill: I know that in this I can rely on you.. though you pretend indifference, yet if there were real danger...
Peter: " Real danger" rot! The times of the Puritan are long gone...

Old Bill: I tell you there are limits...And you may be sorry one day for what you're saying...You better watch... She's been stealing out nights... I'm going outside...Wouldn't mind if the fellow meant business...but you heard he intends to leave here...And I... am entirely too good for... (angrily shaking his fist) You watch I tell you! And remember it's you I'm going to hold responsible!...Shsh..somebody s coming...!(Both withdraw into the mission)

(Prince O.: and Adeline enter from the chapel)

Prince O.: Now you are a Crown Princess...

Adeline:(It looks,so real...

Prince O.: Now we'll step out of the book...for just one little while... back into life...and then...

Adeline: And then...?

Prince O.: Are you afraid...?

Adeline: I...

Prince O.: Life...sordid, miserable ugly life...! The daily petty cares and worries for bread...a filthy dwelling place, with your beloved made a slave to some paltry mean individual that were not fit to be one of his servants...Would you want to live on? Wouldn't you rather think of that prince...with hisbaroness...found dead...? Will you die with me? My Princess...my wife...

Andrew:(enters coughing to warn of his coming) Your Royal Hinghess... It seems there is someone around... I saw...

Prince O.: Let them come Andrew...Let them come...I have nothing to fear.. Have we not been married before God? Congratulate your Princess...

Andrew:(bowing) I congratulate Your Royal Highness...

Adeline: He's so serious...

Prince O.: Now go...

Andrew: But Your Royal Highness...

Peter: (stepping in) Who are you, Mr. Smith alias Your Royal Highness?

Prince O.: I...

Peter: Well...?

Prince O.: Well, what of it? Yes, I am Prince Oscar of Austria! I am tired of being a Mr. Smith. I am glad you came and relieved me from lying...

Adeline: You...are...you...!

Peter: I relieved you from lying, eh? I relieved you from lying all right, but I may also relieve you from something else...

Prince O.: Now don't insinuate. You mean you want to relieve me of my life?(takes out a revolver from his pocket) Here... help yourself...

Peter:(taking out a revolver from his own pocket) I am not in need of of help...fortunately I am prepared for such emergencies...thank you...

Adeline:(who is staring from one to another as if in a dream) Oh...! (jumps at Peter and tries to take away the weapon from him)

Peter:(grasping both her hands' You get out of here!

Adeline: I won't..,I wont...!

Prince O.: You can't force my wife...!(tries to free Adeline, Peter butts the gun into his side.)

Adeline: I'm going...I'm going...!(runs to door, encounters daddy entering)

Prince O.: If you touch my wife again...

Old Bill: Your what?

Prince O.: My wife!

Old Bill: Who performed the marriage ceremony?

Prince: Myself.

Old Bill: We here, don't recognise such marriages...

Prince O.: You let her go, or I'll...!

Peter:(to daddy) You take her out!(Daddy and he are forcing out Adeline who struggles to remain in)

Adeline: I won't...I won't..!
Peter: (succeeds in forcing her out daddy following. Then he turns) So you're the...
Prince O.: One thing I want to ask you— if you intend killing me, do it promptly...
Peter: I have plenty of time...you'll have to answer a few questions first...
Prince O.: Why on earth do you insist shooting me from your revolver, couldn't you oblige me with mine? I'm rather used to it...
Peter: You're joking aren't you? You seem to take the whole thing as a hoax, well—I'm going to wait until you're in the proper mood... until I see the perspiration of deathly fear trickle down your face...
Prince O.: You're an excellent actor...you declaim even better than I...Is this another parody you wrote for another prince?
Peter: (ignoring him) I am not going to transplant you into the other world with the deception you are in, and so make your journey a pleasure-trip—oh, no! You'll have to go throgh the agonies of one condemned to death...You'll writhe your passage into the grave! (points the muzzle of the gun straight at the heart of the prince) Look here!
Prince O.: (bowing) At your service...
Peter: Stand straight!
Prince O.: I can choose my own posture...
Peter: You cur...You're making fun of me, aren't you? You think I lack the nerve to kill you, don't you? You think such heroic deeds can only be accomplished by crowned curs...well, you'll convince yourself in a minute...
Prince O.: I'm ready...
Peter: You don't think I'll ever be able to kill you...? Own up you damn...
Prince O.: It seems so...
Peter: I and ex-service man who saw the horrors of the war, not be able to kill a dog! An alien enemy who caused my...good they left me the other one...my left shoots even as well... (y
Prince O.: As to being an alien enemy—you know that peace was officiall signed with Austria—
Peter: Peace was o f f i c i a l l y signed with Austria, eh? That peace— a scrap of paper! Can you conclude peace with this here missing hand?
Prince: Can you conclude peace with the millions of starved babies? Can you? You a grown up man, a fighter, came to attack them, the innocent ones...the helpless ones...And yet—they concluded peace. For such is the order of things, ever since man began to fight. There will be war and there w i l l b e p e a c e !
Peter: In other words, I am to be magnanimous with my enemy...? Not after he had made a special trip to insult my sister!
Prince O.: Insult your sister? I think its a great honor...
Peter: So y o u think—
Prince O.: Well, what are you going to do about it?
Peter: I am going to kill you.
Prince O.: I don't think so. You talk too much. You lack the courag
Peter: I who cut coldbloodedly men in two?
Prince O.: You're not on the field of battle now—and you know, it makes all the difference in the world.
Peter: I who...
Prince O.: Yes, in that atmosphere of shooting cannon, and of poison gas...Of bombs in the air...You howl with the wolves you know. But this is a peaceful environment, and you are here.
Peter: And does not murder happen even here, in this peaceful environment as you call it?

Prince O.: Not with normal human beings...It happens with lunatics. A sound man has no right on another's life, no matter what the grievance, except his own. It happens only with distorted brains. And as far as I can see there is nothing the matter with you in that quarter...
Peter: Here...take this...(aims at him for a long while and finally drops the gun. The prince heaves a sigh of relief.)
Prince O.: I honestly began feeling a chill creep down my spine... you certainly brought it to a pitch...I must congratulate you...You honestly frightened me. If it were not for the shame of being descried as a coward, the ethical responsibility of my class, I could have fallen on my knees, and begged for my life...
Peter: Your wormeaten life...The life you want to get rid of, but have no nerve to take with your own hands, unless you have a female to keep you company! You don't give a damn whether it ll cause anyone any grief or not. I'd like to see whether you would be as generous with a strong bodyguard and an empire at your command but its quite another matter to have to provide for one's own daily bread, isn t it? Rather hard, eh? You too are a coward in peace time, aren't you? No ! You shall live! You shall live and taste the life of the downtrodden, the poor. You shall live to see these delicate hands of yours covered with blisters instead of gems! This ghastly pallor adding to your face so much g princely dignity and romance shall be covered with soot and sweat from your daily toil. You shall see the demon necessity turn beauty into ugliness....Y o u s h a l l l i v e !(Puts the revolver with a bang on the table, the trigger goes loose and a report follows which hits the prince in the heart. He vacillates and drops to the floor.)
Andrew:(rushing in) Your Highness! Your Royal Highness! Oh he's murdered! (Shouts into the street) Murder! Help!
(Adeline and daddy run in. Adeline drops at the pribce's side)
Adeline! You illed him..! You killed him! (swoons)
Old Bill:trying to revive her) Pete...Pete...!
Peter: (who had stood deathly pale walks over to the prince) So I did it...So I did it...
Andrew: (shouts into the night) Murder! Help! (Musgrave Pratt enter)
Musgrave: What has happened?
Danny: What's happened?
Andrew: The prince is shot! The prince has been murdered!
Musgrave: The prince is shot? Let's run!(Runs out Danny following)
Andrew:(in confusion) Water...water...bring some water!(runs about from corner to corner wringing his hands in dispair.)
Old Bill:(to Peter) Take her out of here..quick...and you (jerks him aside' Beat it!
Peter: Oh no, I won't. I ll own up to it! I m going to give myself up...!
Old Bill:(Shouts) Take her out of her I tell you!(Both raise Adeline and carry her out)
Andrew: Water! For God's sake bring some water...!(Shakes the prince) Your Royal Highness! Your Royal Highness!
Prince O.: (opens his eyes) Andrew...Where am I?...
Andrew: Oh...! Your Royal Highness...!
Prince O.: Andrew...(Andrew supports his head) I think I am going to ...die... Andrew...When I am gone..... take me home.....(Andrew bows his head sobbing) Do you promise...? Take me back...to my native soil...If you should lack funds...sell all my belongings... points to his breast-pocket) And this...the seal...some museum...will... (Andrew covers his face) Should you have diffic...ulties...make an appeal to my people...my people will grant me a corner or my...(sobs)

My sacred soil...to lay my head in...I shall lie burried there...In the land of my fathers...In native soil...A native flower will bloom upon my grave...and__a native bird will sing in it...once in a while...
(sings with a broken voice)

"Kommt ein Vogel geflogen"
"Setzt sich nieder auf mein Fuss__"
"Bringt 'en Gruss von Vater Mutter"
"Und von Liebchen einen Kuss..."

(Takes out the mirror and gives a look at himself, drops it and swoons)
Andrew:(in a panic) Tour Royal Highness...Your Royal Highness...! Oh,, he's dying, he's dying...! Water! Some water...! (drops the prince's head abruptly and about,to run out catches sight of the copper holy water pot. Looks into it, it's empty but a peculiar jingling is heard. He looks closer, puts his finger into a round opening in the pot, then puts his hand into the pot and takes out a bullet at which he gazes in astonishment. Looks from it to the prince and back, then drops the bullet into the pot which causes a sharp metallic sound.)
Prince O.: (opening his eyes) What's wrong...?
Andrew: Your Royal Highness...Are you...quite sure...
Prince O.:(with a little more vigor) Sure of what?
Andrew: Er...that you're...dead...I mean dying...?
Prince O.: You ass! Can't yous ee I m shot?!(The prince's voice has been increasing at each word, the "shot" being uttered with a shout, but perceiving Andrew's playful tossing of the bullet he jumps up and at him. He examines the pot hurriedly, then his own breast unbuttoning first the coat then his vest. The white shirt is clean. The prince feels around the region for a while then looks at Andrew, who smiles a rogueish smile.Then he stoops, and picking up the mirror he contemplates his face in it.

(Curtain)

A C T I V.

The room of the second act. Things are thrown about in disorder and a few odd bundles as if in hurried packing are lying about. Adeline is seen kneeling before an open trunk , packing, with Daddy handing her all sorts of articles. Peter empties some books from the book-case into a hamper. Adeline seems very exhausted, for she rests her head every minute, drawing a deep breath.

Old Bill: Will you once for all let me do it? We're wasting too much time!

Adeline: It's all right, I won't do it any more...

Peter: This i s a bedlam!

Old Bill: What do y o u want. Nobody's saying anything against y o u !

Peter: That's just it! Nobody's saying anything! The two of you__ As if though I had brought down all the calamities on this house As if it were m y fault that Musgrave fired you!

Old Bill: I didn't say anything, did I?

Adeline: Oh, stop it! I don't want anyone to know...Quarrels, quarrels!

Peter: What do you care for anyone? That "anyone" is going away today. That "anyone" don't give a rap for you...That anyone enjoyed your hospitality and...

Adeline: (jumping to her feet) I won't stand for it!

Peter: Seems to be a sore spot, isn't it?

Old Bill: Will you shut up! or I'll...That's enough! I dont want to hear another word!

Peter: He must have bribed you too...You don't happen to resent a bit that all this...

Adeline: Oh oh oh...! (runs into the kitchen)

Old Bill: Look here, Pete, I wnat you to leave that girl alone...

Peter: She has become so touchy of late, like a real princess... She does not seem to resent a bit that it's fun he made of her...

Old Bill: So what are you picking on me for? I have my own trouble... It's bad enough I'm driven out in my old age...with no place to lay my old head on...You're good talking, you with your pension...

Peter: Now now now. M y pension. I can easily dispense with my pension. Its y o u r pension. I'm yet strong enough to get myself some sort of job that won't require more than one...

Old Bill: I live on y o u r ...its bad enough as it is... Pete... I know you're rough on the service...go to her poor girl...she has done nothing wrong after all...

Peter: What gets my goat is this__she does not seem to realize that it was a joke on his part...

Old Bill: If sh- don t, that's her business. What I want you to do is, not to break the girl's heart. She has been wrying nights.. ever since that happened...for the last ten days... Show her a friendly face...

Peter: A friendly face for a woman who lost her dignity, who lost all sense? And she's been crying nights has she? For h i m! And he? He's the prince after all. And he wont condescend to do honor to a plain girl by making her his lawful wife?__Though a lot do I care for legal ties__but you can't deny that, can you? He's through with this place and he goes his way__regardless of what he leaves behind!

(goes angrily into the kitchen)

Old Bill:(following him) Pete...don t you dare! Don't you dare!(exit)
Musgrave:(enters looks around) Hey there! You, Daddy! Is there nobody there? (Daddy appears in the doorway.) Listen, I want you to hurry up in this business of vacating the rooms__
Old Bill: I m doing my best...I can t do more...You see all the things are out...
Musgrave: You don't think you'll be ready today, do you?
Old Bill: I m trying my best. We re packing the kitchen things, the dishes...
Musgrave: All right, go ahead.
Mary Ann :(enters) There is no end to it! And all because you're that kind of a man...You don t put your foot down!
Old Bill: It'll be all right Ma'm...Don't you worry...I've been long enough in this place to have a right to...
Musgrave: No rights...no rights whatever...And don't you imitate Pete... You know this don t go with me...
Old Bill: I mean I ought to be given time to move out...That I have a right to ask for a little time..after all those years of work for you__
Musgrave: I told you no rights, no rights! And don't you astart an argument...
Old Bill: Well, I'm doing my best__(exit)
Musgrave: I ll show them how to harbor Austrians in my place...Guess they'll lose their appetite next time...(sits down brooding)
Mrs. Brennan:(enters) Aren't they yet ready? My! They don't seem a bit to hurry up! Some farewell, some farewell! Wasn't it grand? I can t get it out of my mind! And to think he spent a night here! In this mite of a town! At our own "Lincoln Inn"...
Mary Ann: But he is a darling prince...I'll tell the world...
Mrs Brennan: I ll tell the world...!
Mary Ann: This is a small place , this town isn t it? But believe me it'll outshine, it'll put to shame all the bigger places...I don t know as in Frisco he got a nicer reception than he got here...And mind you it ll be in all the newspapers...
Mrs. Brennan: This town is certainly going to have some boost...I guess they ll have all the details written...?(Musgrave winces)
Mary Ann: (noticing it) Say Tom, what s the matter with you? What's come over you? Ever since the prince left you have turned a different man...what's the matter?
Musgrave: Oh, nothing. Leave me alone for a while, will you? Can't a man be left alone for a while? You know I have my own troubles... Business, an all that...
Mrs. Brenn: But that story of yours certainly made a hit with the prince. The story about the mayor's only white horse in Chicago...He laughed so much... my!
Musgrave:(brightening up) He did, didn't he? He did laugh? You bet he did...!
Mrs. Brennan: (To Mary Ann aside) I think now is the proper time to talk about... it...
Mary Ann: Go ahead I'll help you...
Mrs. Brennan: Tom.. I wanted to speak to you about something...I...
Musgrave: What is it, shoot!
Mrs. Brennan: Its about...Margie...I.. you know...its about Danny... I wanted to talk to you about...I think he's in love with Margie...
Musgrave: He in love with Margie? I think you're making a mistake...
Mrs. Brennan: Supposing he isn't...then he could be made to be in love...
Musgrave: This is more than I could do...
Musgrave: On the contrary...It's you whom I expect to accomplish it...
Musgrave: Me...?
Mrs. Brennan: Yes, you..If you let him in on that deal, he'll marry Margie

Musgrave: The deal?
Mrs. Brennan: Tom, it s for Margie, poor orphan...
Mary Ann: Do Tom...
Mrs. Brenna: And now, that these rooms are being vacated, they could be made to live here, pay you rent on them of course...
Musgrave: Are y o u going to live with them?
Mrs. Brennan: I certainly am...(Mary Ann motions him joyfully but turns to Mrs. Brennan) Oh, Virginia...I already feel lonesome for you...
Mrs. Brennan: (kisses her) I too.. but don't worry I'll do my best... I'll divide my time between her and you...(Mary Ann pulls a long face at Musgrave)
Musgrave: But supposing I do let him in on that deal, and he refuses to marry her afterwards__I wouldn't trust that fellow...
Mrs. Brennan: That could be arranged beforehand...he could be made to sign a little contract...Tom do...and God will bless you...she's a poor orphan...(cries)
Mary Ann: He could be made to marry first, and be let in after...
Musgrave: Oh you women... Stop crying...for Gooness sake...I'll see what I can do...
Mrs. Brennan: And besides, you have him in your power. He depends on you for a living. He could be fired today, couldn t he?
Musgrave: All right. I'll see what I can do. He must be hereabouts, I m going to have a look...(goes)
Mrs. Brennan: God blegs you...(follows with Mary Ann. In the door they all encounter Marjory and Bebe)
Musgrave: You girls watch here...I'll be right back...and say Bebe, see to it, they don't take too much time about everything... [illegible]
Bebe: You can trust me! (Mrs. Brennan whispers something into Margie's ear, and both kiss)Both elderly women walk off arm in arm.)
Musgrave; Stay right here! Did you girls see Danny?(Both shake theirheads)
Bebe: I m so glad s h e won't be here any more...(exit Musgrave)
Marjory: Way she's carrying on with that Austrian...Isn't a shame?
Bebe: No patriotism...
Marjory: He's going away today, and she'll be left flat....
Bbe: serves her right... I m so sorry the prince is gone...(dreams)
Pratt:(enters) Hello, Ladies...
Marjory: How do you do!(pulls a ringlet of hair lower over her left eye,) so that it looks like a patch on a blind man)
Bebe: Papa's looking for you! I m going to call him...(She cast a wicked knowing look at Margie with an Insinuating smile)
Danny: I am going to get papa.
Marjory: Let her go...
Bebe: I'm going, enjoy yourselves...
Danny: Oh, don't go, don't leave us alone, with Miss Margie...what will people say...?
Marjory: If I don't care, why should you be concerned about it?
Danny:(pulling a curl of Bebe's bang) Why don t you pull it down way Miss Margie has it?
Bebe:(pulling his hat over eyes) That's none o your business...
Marjory:(indignantly) Bebe! What s the matter with you? Look how you behave!
Musgrave:(entering) Here he is! Hello Danny...! Howdy...
Danny: Hello Mr. Musgrave...Is it me you want?
Musgrave: Yes, sir..You know that deal you asked me about__?
Danny: Yes?
Musgrave: Itll be all right...
Danny: Will it? I expected that much...
Musgrave: What do you mean you expected? You mean as graft? Oh there's no more need...for that... thanks to Percy Holt...A fine mess you made

Never mind...you'll find it out soon enough, don't worry...
Danny: Nevertheless you are willing...
Musgrave: Yes, under one condition__
Danny: Yes?
Musgrave: You'll have to get married...
Danny:(with a joyful look at Bebe) Is that all? A very pleasant condition, indeed...I's that all?
Musgrave: That's a great deal.
Danny: Not for me...
Musgrave: You Margie and Bebe go into the garden for a while...Papa has something of importance to to speak to Danny...I'll call you when I'm through.
Bebe: Oh, I know what it's all about...(looks significantly at Margie) I know...
Musgrave: Nobody asks you...
Bebe: But I know...Come Margie I'll tell you...(draws her into the garden)
Musgrave:(shouting after her) YoU keep your mouth shut or I'll...
(with a sigh) Its hard to manage children nowadays...she's not a bit like her father...Well, did you hear what I said?
Danny: Of course I heard.
Musgrave: Are you ready then?
Danny: More than ready...
Musgrave: Do you know the bride to be?
Danny: I do.
Musgrave: And do you like the bride to be?
Danny: I adore her!
Musgrave: Very well then...I am more than satisfied...I expected to have some difficulties, frankly speaking__but of course you are a sensible fellow, one must give you credit for that...
Pratt: Difficulties! I'd be a double d=d fool if I should make difficulties...Really Mr. Musgrave, I don't find words enough for my gratitude...such luck...young beautiful,,,full of pep...and that deal into the bargain...
Musgrave: "Young" "beautiful" Love i s blind indeed...
Danny: I think that every one can see it...
Musgrave: Well, then you'll have to sign a little paper..you see all's ready prepared__(takes out a paper from his vest-pocket) Here...You know this is more or less of a business proposition...this letting you in on that deal. You know like in every business you are liable to change your mind, and then it's more prudent to have it black on white... here...(submits the paper to him) read it...
Danny:(taking the paper) Most certainly...'ts a pleasure for me to bind myself with a thousand dear and unsoluble words...but that I must say, that you are a very considerate and cautious father...(reads)
Musgrave: "Father"? What's he up to?
Danny:(after scanning the paper, draws a long face' W h a t) So its not to be Bebe?
Musgrave? Who? Ha ha ha!
Danny: I thought...
Musgrave: Ha ha ha...! You are a clever one! Some mistake you made! You did not suppose I was going to give you Bebe, did you? Ha ha ha! A fine joke!
Danny? Well well well__
Musgrave: Of course now its understood its not to be,?eh?
Danny: Why__
Musgrave: And the deal? Your life's chance? I suppose nothing will come of that? I really thought you were a sensible fellow...Bebe...How could a thought like that enter your silly mind? A mere child...not yet fit for marriage...?

Danny: Oh, I think she's fit all right...
Musgrave: It's no use talking...I m going out of town very soon...on some business...I tell you it s your life's chance you're missing...
Danny: I haven't had time to make up my mind yet...
Musgrave: And you'll have to be pretty quick about it,because I have somebody else in view...
Danny: But at least a day's time...All right an hour then...
Musgrave: Any time you're ready, let me know about it...and remember, these premises are being vacated today, you may have 'em, should you make up your mind soon enough...
Danny: I ll think it over...Mr. Musgrave...you act like a father to her.. these temptations are really very strong..I'll think it over...I'll think it over...
Musgrave: (calling into the garden) Bebe! Margie!(Bebe Margie Mary Ann and Mrs. Brennan enter. Mrs Brennan looks inquisitively at Musgrave and Danny)
Danny: Miss Margie, will you come for a walk with me?
Marjory: I really don't know...
Danny: You don't care to walk?
Mrs. Brennan: You know, girls won't give in so easily...You'll have to beg a great deal...
Danny: Beg!?
Mrs. Brennan:(motioning Margie to go) I think Mister Pratt has something of importance to tell you...
Danny: If Miss Margie thinks she does'nt,care...
Marjory:(shoving her arm into Pratt's) I ll give in this time...(the group whispers amiably while Danny walks out with Margie, Danny casting a last regretful look at Bebe.)
Musgrave:(to Bebe) You go straight home and attend to your French...Your teacher's been complaining...Now that the prince is gone you_ll have to get back to work. No more holidays.
Bebe: How about my pony?
Percy Holt:(enters with a newspaper) Howd'you'do...Hear the latest? Here's the "Frisco News"(spreads the paper)
Musgrave: The latest? No. What's the latest? But I can imagine it must be something nasty, or y o u wouldn't be here...
Percy Holt : If it i s something nasty, you have nobody to blame but yourself...Here...This for snatching away the prince...
Musgrave: You mean you actually did it?
Percy Holt: And why not? You can deny it if you want, and as for the patron saint__I know you don't very much care for that...(goes quickly out of the room. Musgrave snatches the newspaper with an eager movement gulps down the headlines and lets himself down on the settee)
Mary Ann:(who had watched all in mute astonishment) What s the matter...? What is it? What is it...?
Musgrave: This is a report of the prince's arrival...
Mary Ann" Let me read it...let me read it...
Mrs. Brennan: Let m e read it, you are too excited!(reads the headline)

P R I N C E O F W A L E S

V I S I T S M I S S I O N

I N E A G L E C A N Y O N.

TAKES DINNER WI[illegible]

WITH MR.& MRS. PERCY HOLT

Mary Ann: With who?(Musgrave groans) What's this?
Mrs Brennan:(reads on)" One of the most memorable events occurred last Tuesday the fifteenth when his Royal Highnass the Prince Of Wales was the guest of Mr and Mrs. Percy Holt at their home in Eagle Canyon City. After he was given the most royal reception the place ever saw, entering through a triumphal arch wrought in live flowers, twelve maidens dressed in white having spread a carpet of white roses under his feet, at the head of whom was charming Miss Lily Holt daughter debutante of Mr. and Mrs Percy Holt who handed the prince a bouquet.(Bebe graons with her thin soprano) The whole scene steeped in artistic decorations of California's most beautiful flowers was enlivened by the military band under the leadership of the famous conductor Muscatorio. After visiting the Blanche Observatory on Mount Dewy, the Prince and his retinue was taken to the sumptuous mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Holt,(Both Mary Ann and Musgrave groan) Mrs. Percy Holt who was complimented on her choice and very rich menue wore a dress of black velvet....
Mary Ann: My gown...!
Mrs. Brennan: (reads) After the many toasts that followed the honored host Mr. Percy Holt himself recalled various interesting incidents of his youth among which was particularly distinguished the one relating to the whilom mayor's only white horse in Chicag...
Musgrave:(groaning in dispair) Oh...Oh.,. stop it...stop!
Mary Ann:(in a fury) Now tell me, what's this?
Mrs. Brennan: That' a terrible fraud!
Mary Ann: Who is responsible for this?!
Musgrave: Oh, stop picking on me, will you? I feel rotten as it is...
Mary Ann: You feel rotten, don't you? It isn't half of what you are going to feel in a minute!
Musgrave: What do you want of me? I did my best to prevent it!
Mary Ann: To prevent it? So you knew about it?
Musgrave : I did...
Mary Ann: You mean you knew all the time that this was going to happen and kept quiet about it...?
Musgrave: I couldn t help it...
Mrs. Brennan: Why don't you wire, why donyt you send in a correction to make good the mistake?...
Mary Ann: What are you sitting here for like the big dope that you are?!
Musgrave: Couldn t be done...
Mary Ann: W h a t ?!
Musgrave: Couldn't be done I tell you...It was arranged beforehand. Percy Holt knew all...about the saint. He threatened to publish the news, unless__ unless I should agree to having this in the newspaper...
Mary Ann: And you agreed to it? Well....I a m g o i n g t o d i v o r c e y o u !
Musgrave: Oh, have pity on me, will you...How on God's earth could I let a secret like this slip out? Don t you see, it would ruin all our possesions in this town...This town's future hope is the mission. If they should find out about it real estate would drop to a dead level...
Mary Ann: Well, I a m going to sue you for divorce...This is too much for me...
Mrs. Brennan: That's terrible!No wonder you were so dejected lately... If the prince reads it, what will he say?
Musgrave: That s just it...He won t read it... Left the country this morning...and the newspapers __to them it's all one whether its Santa Veronica, or Eagle Canyon City...
Mary Ann: For shame! How will I show my face to the world?(cries) I a m g o i n g t o s u e y o u f o r d i v o r c e ...!
Bebe: Oh Mamma, stop it! Don t you see how bad Papa feels about it?
Musgrave: Come here my child...My baby daughter...

Mary Ann: I a m g o i n g t o s u e y o u f o r d i v o r c e ! (goes out banging the door, Mrs. Brennan follows)
Musgrave: For God s sake, Mamma!(follows with Bebe patting him)
(Adeline opens the door a little to convince herself they re gone, then comes with some clothes that she puts in the open trunk. Kneeling down she she pauses a while then covers her face with her hands and remains un-moved. Hearing a step she straightens herself quickly.)
Prince O.:(enters)knocking) Pardon me...you didn't say 'Come in' am I welcome?
Adeline: You didn't give me a chance... you always enter first...
Prince O.: It s because I am...
Adeline: A rude fellow...
Prince O.: You're very handsome when angry...(pointing around' I know it's on my account that...
Adeline: You needn't worry, its not on your account...we expected it sooner or later__
Prince O.: (approaching) You mean you're not angry with me?
Adeline: Angry with you? You re not important enough...
Prince O.: Oh....(laughs) Are all American women as proud as you?... (catches her in his arms) My wife...
Adeline:(freeing herself) I think we had better not start the joke again.
Prince:.Don t...It hurts me to the quick... I am a poor miserable wretch.. Adeline...can you forgive me...? Now that we have to part?
Adeline: Forgive you for what? (Andrew peeps through the door, withdraws)
Prince O.: Oh, for God's sake don't make me more miserable than I am already...don t feign such cruel indifference...
Adeline: Would you rather s e e me suffer?
Prince O.: Yes! Rather than this...Suffer for me!
Adeline:(overwhelmed) For you...Don t leave me...dont... take me with you...
Prince O.:Take you with me? To a life of misery?
Adeline:(tears herself away) I...too was joking.Ha ha ha!
Prince O.: I promise as soon as I am established anywheres...anyhow... I ll send for you...
Adeline: I won't..come to a life of misery... (runs into the garden) The prince restrains an impulse to follow her. Andrew comes with a valise)
Andrew: Your Royal Highness...
Prince O.: I,see you re all ready...(pointing to the fragment of withered arch) So he s gone home...Well, I also am going home...To my country... You ll ask : h o w a m I g o i n g ? What does it matter? As long as it is m y c o u n t r y. A mother who chastises, will she be les less of a mother for that?
Andrew: Yes, but if that mother eats her own young like the raven, and particularly if she lets it be known to the world that she is waiting for her children to devour them, what will be the duty of the children, to fly straight into the raven mother s beak?
Prince O.: I know what you are driving at...You want me to remain here...
Andrew: And why not? This looks a good country to me...
PeinceO.: Remain and drag my miserable existance here, among strangers? No. Rather starve in my own country. Yes yes, we are the last of the Mohicans...one later one sooner...What does it matter? We must go. Our time is up. Already the tramp of the slave is heard. The slave... He is to conquer the world... Henceforth he will be spelled with capital letters... T h e S l a v e ...He will occupy the throne of the world!
Andrew: But until then...couldn't your Royal Highness rest here a while, look around. This is neutral ground. No one would suspect... Couldn't Your Royal Highness enter into some relations with some other powers?

Prince O.: Who would raise the fallen? You know in what my former attempts ended...Once you are down you ceise to exist. And even should any one offer me means, there still remains the question as to whether I should make use of it. Am I strong enough? Oh yes. The times history records are distant now. The time of a Caesar Borgia... the time of the rack and the stake. Who would slit open noses now? or roast a man alive?
Andrew: But there are still the gallows, and thank God modern improvements as for instance the electric chair here, in America...some claim its almost like being roasted alive...
Prince O.: Thanks for the consolation...How are you going to roast people if you have no empire?
Andrew: So I am to understand that your Royal Highness does not intend to remain here...?
Prince O.: No, I do not intend to remain here...
Andrew: Your Royal Highness has made friends here...
Prince O.: You have become very impudent of late...I know the reason... You dare annoy me, and obtrude yourself with uncalled for advice. You scamp!
Andrew: These quiet people...they are leaving here without a word of complaint...they are not making anyone responsible....
Prince O.: Anything else? I dare say__ to be guided by the brains of a valet!
Andrew: A valet sees and hears many a thing that....
Prince O.: I know you belong to a class that is hundred per cent rascal. Well, what is it you wanted to say? I_ll tell you what you want to say: that behind the stiff bow of a lackey lingers many a wise smile...that his dumbness teems with unspoken words...that under his mute assent to everything there lies many a disapproval, and__plunged in that heart cowardly heart of a mutilated human being there mocks many a devil! Isn t that what you wanted to say? I can see you simpering.
Andrew: Your Royal Highness can say a thing better than I__from the books.
(Old Bill Peter, and last of all Adeline come with bundles ready to leave. Peter locks the trunk)
Peter: This will have to wait here a while, until sent for__
Prince O.: So you are leaving here...
Old Bill: Looks like it.
Prince : Bo you have a definite place to go to?
Old Bill: No need worrying...its yet warm outside...we'll camp out.
Prince O.: Why don t you go to a hotel meanwhile?
Old Bill: A hotel costs money.,
Prince O.: You mean you haven't even enough for a hotel?...And a frail woman to think of?
Adeline: A frail woman? Where do you get that?
Prince O.: You said you were going to camp out?
Old Bill: Looks like it...
Prince O.: Under the open sky? With the green soft grass?
Peter: Yes, with all heavenly bugs creeping over you and the birdies hopping(imitates the leap of a frog and twitters like a swallow) Want to come along? You can play possum there all your life...
Prince O.: Say, you treat me, as if I were a sentimental fellow...? How about your mushy poems?
Peter: Shake! We're a couple of bounders...
Old Bill: Well, would you care to come along?
Adeline: Who wants him?
Prince O.:

Prince O.: I wish I could...
Old Bill: And what stands in your way?
Prince O.: I am as poor as a...
Adeline: I can pack fruit...
Old Bill: One more one less wouldn't matter with us...
Peter: How about me? If you Smith want to come along, there's....
I know you belong to a clique of loafers, good for -nothings..that do'nt like to work but you play the organ not badly and...
Prince O.: You mean it? You too would... But supposing I still refuse? Supposing I want to outdo y o u r magnanimity. Supposing I refuse to share your pension? Supposing I give y o u something. Something that..
Peter: You have nothing to give.
Prince O.: Nothing...? (Checks a motion of his hand towards his breast-pocket) We'll see about that...
Andrew:(kissing his hands) Thank you Your Royal Highness, thank you...
Peter: Atta boy! kiss him up, kiss him up....
(Musgrave Bebe Mary Ann, Mrs. Brennan, Danny Marjory. Mikey right next to Musgrave carrying bunting garlands and some lanterns all come in noisily)
Musgrave: A prince, and you didn't tell me before! You ought to be skinned alive... Why man, its just what this town needs! Percy Holt will grow green with jealousy...Why didn t you tell me Daddy?
Old Bill: I only now found it out myself.
Musgrave:(to the prince) Hello, Howdo you do? You won't blame me, you won't blame me...If I d [redacted] known... However you are right in treating us like so many animals. We deserve it upon my word(speaks qietly to him)
Mary Ann: To think...That nobody should have suspected...I told you, didn t I Virginia, the man was acting queer...from the very beginning...Do you know what I have in mind, if he could be made to stay here, I think that my Bebe...' whispers something into her ear, both nod approvingly)
Marjory: (to Danny) Now I understand why you were in such hurry...You must have known he was a prince...Do you remember what he said when I gave him the chair?
Danny: But now you'll have to forget about all these things, because you will have to...(whispers, to which Marjory squirms demurely. Bebe trying in vain to catch the whisper, pushes her way into the very near presence of the prince. Percy Holt comes upstage, beckons Peter aside.)
Musgrave: So what do you say? I think you ought to consider this proposition...ten acres of alluvial soil on very easy payments?
Prince O. I am sorry, but I am not your man. (Percy Holt steels out again)
Musgrave:(to daddy) Of course you ought to explain this to the prince he being a stranger here ..
Peter: We were offered better terms in Eagle Canyon.
Musgrave: (terrified) Eagle Canyon!? You don't think I actually meant what I said about this...
Old Bill: I think you meant what you said, all right...
Musgrave: But man! Eagle Canyon City!(imploringly' Do you realize what you say? You're going to Eagle Canyon City? Is this gratitude? Is this —This...You're going to Eagle...
Peter: For good.
(All go out. The prince offers Adeline his arm which she refuses with a jerk. The jerk being too violent however arouses suspicion of artificiality.
Mary Ann: Did you see , he took her away...?
Mrs. Brennan: I don t think he is a prince at all.
Musgrave: Oh rot! He is a prince all right, the best proof is, he won't stay. This place is a hoodoo.(The playing of the hurdy gurdy is heard Napoleon comes singing"Il travator") Cut out that yelping will you! Damn foreigners!(I ll yet drive you out of this place, all of you!(To Mary Ann)

Prince O.: Who would raise the fallen? You know in what my former attempts ended...Once you are down you ceise to exist. And even should any one offer me means, there still remains the question as to whether I should make use of it. Am I strong enough? Oh yes. The times history records are distant now. The time of a Caesar Borgia... the time of the rack and the stake. Who would slit open noses now? or roast a man alive?
Andrew: But there are still the gallows, and thank God modern improvements as for instance the electric chair here, in America...some claim its almost like being roasted alive...
Prince O.: Thanks for the consolation...How are you going to roast people if you have no empire?
Andrew: So I am to understand that your Royal Highness does not intend to remain here...?
Prince O.: No, I do not intend to remain here...
Andrew: Your Royal Highness has made friends here...
Prince O.: You have become very impudent of late...I know the reason... You dare annoy me, and obtrude yourself with uncalled for advice. You scamp!
Andrew: These quiet people...they are leaving here without a word of complaint...they are not making anyone responsible....
Prince O.: Anything else? I dare say__ to be guided by the brains of a valet!
Andrew: A valet sees and hears many a thing that....
Prince O.: I know you belong to a class that is hundred per cent rascal. Well, what is it you wanted to say? I_ll tell you what you want to say: that behind the stiff bow of a lackey lingers many a wise smile...that his dumbness teems with unspoken words...that under his mute assent to everything there lies many a disapproval, and__plunged in that heart cowardly heart of a mutilated human being there mocks many a devil! Isn t that what you wanted to say? I can see you simpering.
Andrew: Your Royal Highness can say a thing better than I__from the books.
(Old Bill Peter, and last of all Adeline come with bundles ready to leave. Peter locks the trunk)
Peter: This will have to wait here a while, until sent for__
Prince O.: So you are leaving here...
Old Bill: Looks like it.
Prince : Bo you have a definite place to go to?
Old Bill: No need worrying...its yet warm outside...we'll camp out.
Prince O.: Why don t you go to a hotel meanwhile?
Old Bill: A hotel coSts money.
Prince O.: You mean you haven't even enough for a hotel?...And a frail woman to think of?
Adeline: A frail woman? Where do you get that?
Prince O.: You said you were going to camp out?
Old Bill: Looks like it...
Prince O.: Under the open sky? With the green soft grass?
Peter: Yes, with all heavenly bugs creeping over you and the birdies hopping(imitates the leap of a frog)and twitters like a swallow) Want to come along? You can play possum there all your life...
Prince O.: Say, you treat me, as if I were a sentimental fellow...? How about your mushy poems?
Peter: Shake! We're a couple of bounders...
Old Bill: Well, would you care to come along?
Adeline: Who wants him?
Prince O.: [illegible]

Prince O.: I wish I could...
Old Bill: And what stands in your way?
Prince O.: I am as poor as a...
Adeline: I can pack fruit...
Old Bill: One more one less wouldn't matter with us...
Peter: How about me? If you Smith want to come along, there's.... I know you belong to a clique of loafers, good for -nothings..that do'nt like to work but you play the organ not badly and...
Prince O.: You mean it? You too would... But supposing I still refuse? Supposing I want to outdo y o u r magnanimity. Supposing I refuse to share your pension? Supposing I give y o u something. Something that..
Peter: You have nothing to give.
Prince O.: Nothing...? (Checks a motion of his hand towards his breast-pocket) We'll see about that...
Andrew:(kissing his hands) Thank you Your Royal Highness, thank you...
Peter: Atta boy! kiss him up, kiss him up....
(Musgrave Bebe Mary Ann, Mrs. Brennan, Danny Marjory. Mikey right next to Musgrave carrying bunting garlands and some lanterns all come in noisily)
Musgrave: A prince, and you didn't tell me before! You ought to be skinned alive... Why man, its just what this town needs! Percy Holt will grow green with jealousy...Why didn t you tell me Daddy?
Old Bill: I only now found it out myself.
Musgrave:(to the prince) Hello, Howdo you do? You won't blame me, you won't blame me...If I d[illegible] known... However you are right in treating us like so many animals. We deserve it upon my word(speaks qietly to him)
Mary Ann: To think...That nobody should have suspected...I told you, didn t I Virginia, the man was acting queer...from the very beginning...Do you know what I have in mind, if he could be made to stay here, I think that my Bebe...' whispers something into her ear, both nod approvingly)
Marjory: (to Danny) Now I understand why you were in such hurry...You must have known he was a prince...Do you remember what he said when I gave him the chair?
Danny: But now you'll have to forget about all these things, because you will have to...(whispers, to which Marjory squirms demurely. Bebe trying in vain to catch the whisper, pushes her way into the very near presence of the prince. [illegible], beckons Peter aside.)
Musgrave: So what do you say? I think you ought to consider this proposition...Ten acres of alluvial soil on very easy payments?
Prince O. I am sorry, but I am not your man. (Percy Holt steels out again)
Musgrave:(to daddy) Of course you ought to explain this to the prince he being a stranger here ..
Peter: We were offered better terms in Eagle Canyon.
Musgrave: (terrified) Eagle Canyon!? You don't think I actually meant what I said about this...
Old Bill: I think you meant what you said, all right...
Musgrave: But man! Eagle Canyon City!(imploringly' Do you realize what you say? You're going to Eagle Canyon City? Is this gratitude? Is this —This...You're going to Eagle...
Peter: For good.
(All go out. The prince offers Adeline his arm which she refuses with a jerk. The jerk being too violent however arouses suspicion of artificiality.
Mary Ann: Did you see , he took her away...?
Mrs. Brennan: I don t think he is a prince at all.
Musgrave: Oh rot! He is a prince all right, the best proof is, he won't stay. This place is a hoodoo.(The playing of the hurdy gurdy is heard Napoleon comes singing"Il travator") Cut out that yelping will you! Damn foreigners! I ll yet drive you out of this place, all of you!(To Mary Ann)

No are you satisfied? For once in my life I d i d p u t m y f o o t d o w n and by God I paid for it!(Goes out angrily all follow into the garden)

Napoleon: (sticks his head in seeing nobody around he steps in looks a hurriedly here and there, and getting hold of a red scarf tries to put it into his pocket, as he becomes aware of Mikey coming, he puts down again. Makes a gesture as if he s been admiring it. Sings loudly and turns to go. As Mikey takes out the trick toy and begins to tease him wi with it his voice weakens. Shrugging his shoulders he is about to step out, as of a sudden he turns back as if struck by an idea. He puts down the organ takes out ten cents from his pocket and hands it to Mikey.)

Napoleon: Hera..Give back trick...me give you back ten cents...
(they exchange things)

Napoleon:(shouldering his organ and going out) Me no roba, me no steala me honest mana...(Sings himself into a pitch)

Curtain.